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THE COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM.

A Review of Criticisms and Objections—Reflections Upon the Power, the Progress and the Prejudices of the Press—Why Specialized Concentration and Education at College Would Improve the Character and Work of Journalists and So Promote the Welfare of the Republic.

"The man who writes, the man who month in and month out, week in and week out, day in and day out, furnishes the material which is to shape the thoughts of our people, is essentially the man who more than any other determines the character of the people and the kind of government this people shall possess."

—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, April 7, 1904.

BY JOSEPH PULITZER.

THE editor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has asked me to reply to an article recently printed in its pages criticising the College of Journalism which it has been my pleasure to found and permanently to endow in Columbia University. In complying with his request I have enlarged the scope of the reply to include all other criticisms and misgivings, many honest, some shallow, some based on misunderstanding, but the most representing only prejudice and ignorance. If my comment upon these criticisms shall seem to be diffuse and perhaps repetitious, my apology is that—alas!—I am compelled to write by voice, not by pen, and to revise the proofs by ear, not by eye—a somewhat difficult task.

Some of my critics have called my scheme "visionary." If it

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be so I can at least plead that it is a vision I have cherished long, thought upon deeply and followed persistently. Twelve years ago I submitted the idea to President Low of Columbia, when it was declined. I have ever since continued to perfect and organize the scheme in my mind, until it is now accepted. In examining the criticisms and misgivings I have endeavored to do so without prejudice, anxious only to find the truth. I admit that the difficulties are many, but after weighing them all impartially I am more firmly convinced than ever of the ultimate success of the idea. Before the century closes schools of journalism will be generally accepted as a feature of specialized higher education, like schools of law or of medicine.

And now for our critics and objectors:

MUST A JOURNALIST BE "BORN?"

They object, the critics and cavillers, that a "newspaper man" must depend solely upon natural aptitude, or, in the common phrase, that he must be "born, not made."

Perhaps the critics can name some great editor, born full-winged like Mercury, the messenger of the gods? I know of none. The only position that occurs to me which a man in our Republic can successfully fill by the simple fact of birth is that of an idiot. Is there any other position for which a man does not demand and receive training—training at home, training in schools and colleges, training by master craftsmen, or training through bitter experience—through the burns that make the child dread the fire, through blunders costly to the aspirant?

This last is the process by which the profession of journalism at present obtains its recruits. It works by natural selection and the survival of the fittest, and its failures are strewn along the wayside.

The "born editor" who has succeeded greatly without special preparation is simply a man with unusual ability and aptitude for his chosen profession, with great power of concentration and sustained effort. He is one who loves his work and puts his whole heart and mind into it. He is in the strictest sense an educated man, but he has merely substituted *self*-education for education by others, making up for any deficiencies in his training by the unre-served sacrifice of strength, energy and pleasure. Even in his case might it not be an advantage to have a system of instruction that

would give him the same results at a saving of much time and labor?

Education begins in the cradle, at home, with a mother's teaching, and is continued by other influences through life. A college is one of those influences—useful, but with no magical power. A fool trailing an alphabet of degrees after his name is still a fool, and a genius, if necessary, will make his own college, although with a painful waste of effort which might be better reserved for productive work. I seem to remember that Lincoln, whose academy was a borrowed book read by the light of a pine-knot on the hearth, studied Euclid in Congress when nearly forty. But would it not have been better if that work had been done at fourteen?

All intelligence requires development. The highest profits by it; the lowest is helpless without it. Shakespeare's best play, "Hamlet," was not his first, but his nineteenth, written after growth and maturity—after the hard work, the experience, the exercise of faculties and the accumulation of knowledge gained by writing eighteen plays. As Shakespeare was a "born" genius why did he not write "Hamlet" first?

John Stuart Mill had natural talents, but they were strained to the last possible limit of accomplishment by a course of early training that was not only thorough but inhuman. His father was his college—a great college, better than any in England. Like Mill, Herbert Spencer, Buckle, Huxley, Tyndall, and Lewes were without college education, but their mental discipline was most severe. Cobden was undoubtedly a genius born, but if we compare his original style—turgid, clumsy—with the masterly clearness and force of his trained maturity, can we doubt that his brain was developed by the hardest work, just as Sandow's muscles were developed?

Of course in every field natural aptitude is the key to success. When the experiment was tried of turning Whistler into a disciplined soldier, even West Point had to lay down its arms. Your sawmill may have all the modern improvements, but it will not make a pine board out of a basswood log. No college can create a good lawyer without a legal mind to work on, nor make a successful doctor of a young man whom nature designed to sell tape. Talleyrand took holy orders, but they did not turn him into a holy man.

The great general, even more than the great editor, is supposed to be born, not made. The picturesque historian tells us that he "fell like a thunderbolt upon the enemy," and we imagine a miracle-working magician. But the truth is, that the brilliant general is simply a man who has learned how to apply skilfully the natural laws of force, and who has the nerve to act on his knowledge. Hannibal, the greatest of all in my opinion, is called a typical example of native military genius. But can we forget that he was the son and pupil of Hamilcar, the ablest soldier of his generation, born in the camp, never outside the military atmosphere, sworn in earliest boyhood to war and hatred of Rome, and endowed by his father with all the military knowledge that the experience of antiquity could give? He was educated. In his father he had a military college to himself. Can we think of Napoleon without remembering that he had the best military education of his time at the college of Brienne, and that he was always an eager student of the great campaigns of history? Frederick the Great lost his head in his first battle. It took him years to learn his trade and finally to surpass his instructors. There is not a cadet at any military school who is not expected as a necessary part of his professional preparation to study every important battle on record—to learn how it was fought, what mistakes were committed on each side, and how it was won.

Every issue of a newspaper represents a battle—a battle for excellence. When the editor reads it and compares it with its rivals he knows that he has scored a victory or suffered a defeat. Might not the study of the most notable of these battles of the press be as useful to the student of journalism as is the study of military battles to the student of war?

NEWS INSTINCT—NATURAL OR CULTIVATED.

They object that news instinct must be born.

Certainly. But however great a gift, if news instinct as born were turned loose in any newspaper office in New York without the control of sound judgment bred by considerable experience and training, the results would be much more pleasing to the lawyers than to the editor. One of the chief difficulties in journalism now is to keep the news instinct from running rampant over the restraints of accuracy and conscience. And if "a nose

for news" is born in the cradle, does not the instinct, like other great qualities, need development by teaching, by training, by practical object-lessons illustrating the good and the bad, the Right and the Wrong, the popular and the unpopular, the things that succeed and the things that fail, and above all the things that deserve to succeed, and the things that do not—not the things only that make circulation for to-day, but the things that make character and influence and public confidence?

CAN CONSCIENCE BE DEVELOPED?

"Of the ends to be kept in view by the legislator, all are unimportant compared to the end of 'character-making.' This alone is national education."—HERBERT SPENCER.

They object that moral character, like news instinct, cannot be made, but must be born. This is a very serious objection, for to me an editor without moral character has nothing. But is it entirely true? Have not the critics themselves reached their present moral altitude by degrees? Training cannot create temperament, I admit, nor perhaps radically change it; but is not conscience different from temperament? Is it not largely a question of education? May it not be considered more an acquired than an inherited or inherent quality? Is there not some reason to believe that conscience is largely a question of climate and geography? As Macaulay said: "Child murder in London leads to the scaffold; on the Ganges it is an honored religious sacrifice." A Hindu widow who burned herself to death on her husband's funeral pyre was performing the highest duty imposed by her moral sense. The English regarded her sacrifice as not only a crime, but the act of an incredible fool, and suppressed it in callous disregard of the protests of her shocked conscience.

Many an English or American married woman not only regards widowhood without any of those feelings of horror that led her Hindu sister to cut it short on the funeral pile—she often anticipates it by the help of the divorce courts, and enjoys the pleasing sensation of being the legal widow of more than one man at the same time. The missionary feels no profounder complacency in converting the cannibal than the cannibal feels in eating the missionary. A Kentucky mountaineer will commit murder, but he will not steal; a ward politician will often steal, but he will

not, as a rule, commit murder. In Turkey a man may with a clear conscience have several wives; in Tibet a woman may have several husbands; in America nobody may have more than one husband or wife in good legal standing at a time. If George Washington had been kidnapped in infancy and reared by thieves in a slum, with a thief for his only instructor, instead of the devout mother who trained him in morals and religion, is it likely that he would have grown up the Washington whom we love and revere as the father of his country?

CAN MORAL COURAGE BE TAUGHT?

They object that moral courage cannot be taught. Very true. I admit that it is the hardest thing in the world to teach. But may we not be encouraged by the reflection that physical courage is taught? It is not to be supposed that every young man who enters West Point or Annapolis, Brienne, St. Cyr or Sandhurst is a born hero. Yet the student at any of these schools is so drilled, hammered and braced in the direction of courage that by the time he graduates it is morally certain that when he takes his men under fire for the first time he will not flinch. Pride and the spirit of emulation can make masses of men do what even a hero would not venture to do alone. Is it likely that Napoleon himself would have charged in solitary grandeur across the bridge at Lodi if there had been no one to see him do it? Or would Pickett's brigade at Gettysburg have gone forward to destruction if every man in it had not been lifted out of himself by the feeling that he and his comrades were all doing a heroic thing together—a thing in which he simply could not do less than the rest?

If such things can be done for physical courage, why not for moral courage? If the mind can be taught to expose the body fearlessly to wounds and death, cannot the soul be taught to cling to its convictions against temptation, prejudice, obloquy and persecution? Moral courage is developed by experience and by teaching. Every successful exercise of it makes the next easier. The editor is often confronted by an apparent dilemma—either to yield to a popular passion that he feels to be wrong or to risk the consequences of unpopularity. Adherence to convictions can and should be taught by precept and example as not only high principle but sound policy. Might not a hundred concrete ex-

amples of inflexible devotion to the right serve as a moral tonic to the student?

MUST JOURNALISM BE LEARNED IN THE OFFICE?

They object that such making as a newspaper man needs after he has been successfully born can be done only in the actual practice of the office, or "shop."

What is the actual practice of the office? It is not intentional, but only incidental training—it is not apprenticeship—it is work, in which every participant is supposed to know his business. Nobody in a newspaper office has the time or the inclination to teach a raw reporter the things he ought to know before taking up even the humblest work of the journalist. That is not what editors are doing. One of the learned critics remarks that Greeley took young Raymond in hand and hammered him into a great editor. True. But was it not an expensive process, as well as an unusual one—the most distinguished newspaper-maker of his time turning himself into a College of Journalism for the benefit of a single pupil? Suppose a man of half Greeley's capacity, set free from the exhausting labors and the harassing perplexities of creating a newspaper every day—relieved from the necessity of correcting the blunders of subordinates, of watching to prevent the perpetration of more blunders and able to concentrate his whole heart and soul upon training his pupils—might he not be able to turn out, not one Raymond, but forty?

Incidentally, I venture to mention that in my own experience as a newspaper reporter and editor I never had one single lesson from anybody.

The "shop" idea is the one that used to prevail in the law and in medicine. Legal studies began by copying bills of costs for the country lawyer; medical training by sweeping out a doctor's office. Now it is recognized that better results are obtained by starting with a systematic equipment in a professional school. The lawyer learns nothing at college except the theory of the law, its principles and some precedents. When he receives his diploma he is quite unprepared to practise. Nor does the doctor learn to practise at the medical school. He learns only principles, theories, rules, the experience of others—the foundation of his profession. After leaving college he must work in the hospitals to acquire the art of practically applying his knowledge.

In journalism at present the newspaper offices are the hospitals, but the students come to them knowing nothing of principles or theories. The newspaper hospital is extremely accommodating. It furnishes the patients for its young men to practise on, puts dissecting-knives into the hands of beginners who do not know an artery from a vermiform appendix, and pays them for the blunders by which they gradually teach themselves their profession. We may sympathize with the students in their industrious efforts at self-education, but may we not also sympathize with the unfortunate editor who has to work with such incompetent instruments?

IS A NEW COLLEGE SUPERFLUOUS?

"To rear up minds with aspirations and faculties above the herd, capable of leading on their countrymen to greater achievement in virtue, intelligence and general well-being,—these are the ends for which endowed universities are desirable; they are those which all endowed universities profess to aim at, and great is their disgrace if, having undertaken this task and claiming credit for fulfilling it, they leave it unfulfilled."—JOHN STUART MILL.

They object that even if a college education be desirable, everything needed is already provided in the existing colleges and no special department is required.

This criticism appears to have some force. It is possible that it may be advanced with sincerity by intelligent newspaper men who know nothing of colleges, or by intelligent college men who know nothing of newspapers. But it is superficial. It is true that many of the subjects needed for the general education of a journalist are already covered in college. But they are too much covered. The student of journalism may find one course in a law school, another in a graduate school of political science, another, at the same hour, in an undergraduate class at college, and another in a department of literature.

A young man of very remarkable gifts—enough to enable him to educate himself without the help of a college—might be able to make from the catalogue a selection of courses which would appear on paper to be a very fair curriculum. It would perhaps be adequate if he could keep the studies from conflicting in hours, which he could not, and if at twenty years of age he already possessed that knowledge of the requirements of his chosen profession which I feel that twice twenty years' experience and hard work in my profession have not given me.

But after this wonderful young man has made out his list of studies he will be doomed to disappointment. The courses in history, in law, in political science and the rest will not be what he really needs as a specialist in journalism. They will give him only a fraction of the knowledge he requires on those subjects, and they will swamp that fraction in a flood of details of which he can make no use. To fit these courses to his purpose they must be remodelled and specialized. Modern industry looks sharply after its by-products. In silver-mining, gold is sometimes found as a by-product exceeding the value of the silver. So in general university courses we may find by-products that would meet the needs of the journalist. Why not divert, deflect, extract, concentrate, *specialize them for the journalist as a specialist?*

The spirit of specialization is everywhere. The lawyer is a real-estate lawyer, or a criminal lawyer, or a corporation lawyer, or possibly a criminal-corporation lawyer. Formerly the family physician treated every ailment; now there are specialists for the eye, the ear, the throat, the teeth; for men, for women, for children; even for imaginary diseases; for every possible variety of practice. And there is specialization in the newspaper offices themselves. The editor of a New York paper confined to the editorial page is as much surprised as the reader when in the morning he reads the news columns. The news editor does not know what editorials there will be; the musical critic could not write of sporting events; the man with the priceless sense of humor could not record and interpret the movements of the stock-market. The men in all these fields are specialists. The object of the College of Journalism will be to dig through this general scheme intended to cover every possible career or work in life, every profession, to select and concentrate only upon the things which the journalist wants, and not to waste time on things that he does not want.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS—WHY NOT?

They object that a College of Journalism would establish class distinctions in the profession—an invidious distinction of the few who had received the benefits of a collegiate training against the many who had not enjoyed this advantage. I sincerely hope it will create a class distinction between the fit and the unfit. We need a class feeling among journalists—one based not upon money, but upon morals, education and character.

There are still a few places in which money is not everything, and they are those in which men are joined by a bond of honorable association. The cadet at West Point is taught honor and pride in his profession. He knows that none of his comrades will lie or cheat or do anything unworthy of a gentleman, and the pleasure he feels in such associations fully compensates for his ridiculously small income. He sees thousands of vulgar people, much more prosperous than himself, living in much greater luxury, yet he would not change his life and his social circle for theirs. May we not hope that a similar education will in the future create a similar corps feeling among journalists—the same pride in the profession, the same determination to do nothing “unbecoming an officer and a gentleman”? Why not?

The journalist has a position that is all his own. He alone has the privilege of moulding the opinion, touching the hearts and appealing to the reason of hundreds of thousands every day. Here is the most fascinating of all professions. The soldier may wait forty years for his opportunity. Most lawyers, most physicians, most clergymen die in obscurity, but every single day opens new doors for the journalist who holds the confidence of the community and has the capacity to address it.

But as yet the journalist works alone. If he is a college graduate he goes to his college club as a graduate, not as a journalist. He never speaks of another journalist as “my colleague,” as the lawyer or the physician does of his professional brother. He hardly ever meets other journalists socially, in any numbers. But if the future editors of the city were in large proportion graduates of the same college and had a recognized professional meeting-place in which they could come together informally and discuss matters of common interest, would they not eventually develop a professional pride that would enable them to work in concert for the public good and that would put any black sheep of the profession in a very uncomfortable position? Such a spirit would be the surest guaranty against the control of the press by powerful financial interests—not an imaginary danger by any means.

If such a class spirit existed, no editor who had degraded himself by becoming the hireling of any Wall Street king or ring would dare to face his colleagues. He would be too conscious of having been false to his better nature, and equally false to the

traditions of his college and of his profession. It would be impossible then for any Huntington or Gould of the next generation to buy up newspapers—a thing easily feasible where hundreds of millions are at stake, unless there is a strong feeling of class pride and principle to prevent it. The knowledge that a reputable journalist would refuse to edit any paper that represented private interest against the public good would be enough of itself to discourage such an enterprise. Such a refusal would be as severe a blow to public confidence in the newspaper as the rejection of a brief by a high-minded lawyer is to the standing of a case in court.

No, there is nothing to fear in class distinctions founded on moral and mental superiority—on education and knowledge. We need more such classes, in the presence of the prevailing mania for mere money-making. The million of teachers form a class of this kind, with small pay, but with the consciousness of pursuing a noble profession. Such distinctions are especially necessary in a republic which has discarded everything in the way of rank and title and left personal merit the only thing that can dispute the worship of wealth.

HAS THE EXPERIMENT BEEN TRIED?

They object that schools of journalism have been tried and have failed. This is very shallow, and while technically true is practically untrue. There are persons occupying desk room in grimy offices who advertise to make journalists to order. There are more pretentious “correspondence schools” which tell, no doubt correctly, how to read proof and prepare copy for the press. And there have even been certain courses of lectures in colleges and universities of standing, in which gentlemen of more or less experience in journalism have expressed some general ideas about the requirements of the profession. This thus far has been the Lilliputian limit of effort in the direction of a university training for journalism.

So far as these could have any effect at all it would be in the direction of convincing the student that he would do better to choose some other profession. One lecturer, who is an exceedingly successful and able magazine editor, devoted his time to explaining the value of fiction and the “market” for short stories. He treated newspapers solely from the commercial point of view, and

never once referred to their ethical side. Another gentleman, whose ability I greatly admire and who ought to understand his subject, alleged that a young man could make more money in the law than in journalism, and ventured the surprising assertion that a reporter earns only \$20 a week. Thus at the very start he chilled the enthusiasm of young men of talent who would have been attracted if they had known that they could win more prompt and more substantial pay as beginners in journalism than in any other profession.

Something has been said of a so-called school of journalism in London, which is compared with the proposed institution at Columbia. I do not wish to disparage the London school, but it has about ten boys—not college students, just schoolboys—and its whole endowment is one travelling scholarship. I may mention incidentally that there will be five travelling scholarships at Columbia. To compare a boys' school or a few desultory courses of lectures with a college amply and permanently endowed and equipped in a great university is preposterous. Instruction in journalism has never yet had a fair chance to show what it can do. The new institution will be the first experiment of its kind.

HOW WILL TEACHERS BE FOUND?

They object that competent teachers, without whom the most ingenious plans of instruction must fail, are not to be found. I confess that this is the greatest, gravest, difficulty and danger. Like any college, we must have in the first place a combination of the highest character and capacity, with love of and aptitude for teaching. Even this is no small thing to ask, as the difficulty of the colleges in finding suitable professors may warn us. But we need something beyond and much rarer than this. Teachers of journalism should also be experienced editors. But how are we to lure a truly able editor from the active work of the profession in which there is such splendid scope for his powers and such eager competition for his services while he is in the prime of life?

The difficulty of drawing the right men from active service suggests the possibility that it may be necessary to fall back upon retired editors, who can no longer take part in the strenuous newspaper life. But my hope is that the whole profession will see in this situation an appeal to its honor and its pride. I hope

that the very difficulty of the problem will prove its own solution, by enlisting the sympathetic interest and aid of the men of power and of energy who would not waste their time on work that others could do. These men could not shirk the responsibilities of leadership if they would, nor do I believe they would if they could.

The greatest painters of Paris visit the art schools and criticise the work of the pupils. The masters of the New York bar give lectures in the law schools. The most famous physicians teach in the medical colleges. Why should the greatest editors not have an equally unselfish pride in and love of their own profession? Upon their generous sympathy and aid will depend the success of the experiment.

Nor need we confine our search to journalists. Historians like McMaster, Wilson and Rhodes; college presidents like Eliot, Hadley and Angell; judges like Fuller, Brewer and Gray—could help the work with lectures and suggestions. It is nothing new for a justice of the Supreme Court to lecture in college. Justice Story did it at Harvard, Justice Field did it at the University of California, Justices Harlan and Brewer do it now at the Columbian University at Washington. Even ex-Presidents have not thought such work belittling. Harrison lectured at Stanford and Cleveland at Princeton. And surely the greatest minds of the nation must realize how indissolubly a pure republic is linked with an upright press. National pride will, I fully trust, constrain them to do what they can for the elevation of an agency by which the destinies of the Union are so profoundly affected for good or for evil.

THINGS UNTEACHABLE.

"Our task is improved exactly as we improve our judgment by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to one object, and by frequent exercise."

—BURKE on "*The Sublime and Beautiful*."

They object that there are some things that a College of Journalism cannot teach. I admit it. No college can give imagination, initiative, impulses, enthusiasm, a sense of humor or irony. These things must be inborn. But would not such inborn qualities be developed and strengthened in the atmosphere of the proposed college? Is not the development of such inborn qualities seen everywhere in intellectual life? The poet, it is true, is born, not made. That is also true of a great orator and a great painter.

But does not the great poet indicate and cultivate his inborn genius by instinctively devouring, even as a child, all the poetry he can procure? Keats wrote: "I long to feast upon old Homer as we have upon Shakespeare and as I have lately upon Milton." Did not such orators as Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke and Webster declaim the masterpieces of oratory and rhetoric? Did not Van Dyck and every other great painter benefit by the careful study of the work of their great predecessors in art? And with these facts in mind may we not hope that the student at Columbia, living in an atmosphere of journalism, with the highest examples and ideals of journalism constantly before him, will bring to the highest efficiency whatever dormant or inborn faculty he may possess? It seems to me that the more conclusively the critics prove certain things to be unteachable the more they prove the necessity of teaching everything possible that is teachable.

This is all that any education can do, and it is enough. Education is development, not creation. If its value depended upon its ability to bring mental qualities into existence from nothing, every educational institution from the kindergarten to the university would have to close its doors, and every educator would be out of employment.

In short, does not every mental worker, whether creative or imitative, try to steep himself in the atmosphere of his work? And is it not reasonable to suppose that our student would gain some advantage from living and working for some years in the atmosphere of journalistic training?

DOES IT COME FROM THE WRONG SOURCE?

Finally, as if all these criticisms were not crushing enough, they object that even if this endowment be needed I am not the right man to give it. I fully realize the force of this argument, and I am ready cheerfully to retire in favor of any critic who will relieve me. I volunteered in the first place simply because there was a need which nobody else appeared anxious to meet. No pride of priority will deter me from giving way to a more suitable candidate. They also object that I have proved a college course in journalism to be unnecessary by succeeding without one. Perhaps I may be permitted to judge of that. It is ingenious to use me as a club against my own plan. If I have had any success it has been because I never, so far as my individual work and

pleasure are concerned, regarded journalism as a business. From my first hour's work, through a period of nearly forty years, I have regarded journalism not only as a profession, but as the noblest of all professions. I have always felt that I was in touch with the public mind and ought to do some good every day. Perhaps I have failed, but it has not been for lack of effort.

WHAT SHOULD NOT BE TAUGHT.

"The journalist's opportunity is beyond estimate. To him are given the keys of every study, the entry to every family, the ear of every citizen when at ease and in his most receptive moods—powers of approach and of persuasion beyond those of the Protestant pastor or the Catholic confessor. He is by no means a prophet, but, reverently be it said, he is a voice in the wilderness preparing the way. He is by no means a priest, but his words carry wider and further than the priest's, and he preaches the gospel of humanity. He is not a king, but he nurtures and trains the king, and the land is ruled by the public opinion he evokes and shapes. If you value this good land the Lord has given us, if you would have a soul in this marvellous civilization and lifting power of humanity, look well to the nurture and training of your king."—HON. WHITE LAW REID.

Not to teach typesetting, not to explain the methods of business management, not to reproduce with trivial variations the course of a commercial college. This is not university work. It needs no endowment. It is the idea of work for the community, not commerce, not for one's self, but primarily for the public, that needs to be taught. The School of Journalism is to be, in my conception, not only not commercial, but anti-commercial. It is to exalt principle, knowledge, culture, at the expense of business if need be. It is to set up ideals, to keep the counting-room in its proper place, and to make the soul of the editor the soul of the paper. Incidentally I may say that I have never spent an hour in any publication office either of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* or the *World*, though I managed to establish both these journals and still own them.

In the proposed course of study, drawn up with admirable quickness by President Eliot and widely discussed as if it had been definitely adopted, Dr. Eliot included instruction in the business administration of a newspaper. He mentioned specifically circulation, advertising, manufacture and finance.

My own ideas upon many parts of the course of study are still uncertain, but upon this one point they are very decided. I am sure that, if my wishes are to be considered, business instruction of any sort should not, would not and must not form any part of the work of the College of Journalism.

The course of instruction will be decided by the Advisory Board, which is not yet appointed, acting in conjunction with the authorities of the university.

The course outlined was made in a private letter of President Eliot, and was stated when published to be merely tentative. In spite of this explanation many newspapers based their comment and criticism upon it as an accepted fact. I have the greatest admiration for the extraordinary genius and character of the president of Harvard, but nothing was further from my mind—nothing, in fact, is more inconsistent and incompatible with my intentions or repugnant to my feelings—than to include any of the business or commercial elements of a newspaper in what is to be taught in this department of Columbia College.

What is a College of Journalism? It is an institution to train journalists. What is a journalist? Not any business manager or publisher, or even proprietor. A journalist is the lookout on the bridge of the ship of state. He notes the passing sail, the little things of interest that dot the horizon in fine weather. He reports the drifting castaway whom the ship can save. He peers through fog and storm to give warning of dangers ahead. He is not thinking of his wages, or of the profits of his owners. He is there to watch over the safety and the welfare of the people who trust him.

Few men in the business office of a newspaper know anything about the principles of journalism. The proprietor himself is not necessarily a journalist. He may be, if he is capable of understanding public questions, of weighing public interests, of carrying out public tasks; if he is in touch with public feeling, realizes public duties, is in sympathy with the public welfare, and is capable of presenting his ideas to the people, either by his own pen or by the pens of others. But it is quite conceivable that some proprietors are deficient in these points.

My hope is that this College of Journalism will raise the standard of the editorial profession. But to do this it must mark the distinction between real journalists and men who do a kind of

newspaper work that requires neither culture nor conviction, but merely business training. I wish to begin a movement that will raise journalism to the rank of a learned profession, growing in the respect of the community as other professions far less important to the public interests have grown.

There is an obvious difference between a business and a profession. An editor, an editorial writer or a correspondent is not in business. Nor is even a capable reporter. These men are already in a profession, though they may not admit it, or even realize it, as many of them unhappily do not. Ill or well, they represent authorship, and authorship is a profession.

The man in the counting-room of a newspaper is in the newspaper business. He concentrates his brain (quite legitimately) upon the commercial aspects of things, upon the margin of profit, upon the reduction of expenses, upon buying white paper and selling it printed—and that is business. But a man who has the advantage, honor and pleasure of addressing the public every day as a writer or thinker is a professional man. So, of course, is he who directs these writers and reporters, who tells them what to say and how to say it, who shows them how to think—who inspires them, though he may never write a line himself, and decides what the principles of the paper shall be. For example, the greatest editor in the whole history of European journalism, John Delane, never wrote any articles of his own, although for thirty-six years he was the head, the heart, the brain of the *London Times*. But he directed every writer, he furnished the thought, the policy, the initiative; he bore the responsibility, and he corrected both manuscript and proofs.

In this relation perhaps it may be interesting to note that Delane studied law and was admitted to the bar before he became its editor at the age of twenty-four. But it was without any intention of practising. His father, who was a lawyer for the *Times*, destined him for its service from his boyhood, and he joined its staff as a reporter soon after passing his legal examinations. Delane, with his editorial revision, elimination and substitution, was like some of the great old painters, who seem to have much of their work, measured by mere bulk, done for them by pupils. Rubens, or Van Dyck, or Raphael furnished the idea, the design, the composition, in an original drawing; the pupils did the drudgery of execution. Then the artist added the finish-

ing touches that lifted the picture to the rank of a masterpiece. Only in that way could the enormous output ascribed to those masters have been produced. So it was with Delane, and so it is with every editor who knows how to make the most of his powers.

That a newspaper, however great as a public institution and a public teacher, must also be a business is not to be denied, but there is nothing exceptional in this. Elements of business, of economy, of income and outgo, are in the government of the city, the State, the nation, in art, in every school, in every college, in every university, indeed, in every church. But a bishop, even though he receives pay for his work, is not regarded as a business man; nor is a great artist, though he charge the highest possible price for his paintings and die as rich as Meissonier or Rubens. Many distinguished lawyers, such as Mr. Tilden—one of the greatest—were shrewd business men, able probably to outwit the majority of publishers, yet they were rightly considered members of a learned profession.

George Washington had extraordinary business capacity. By intelligent economy, method, sound judgment and the closest attention to details he accumulated the greatest American fortune of his time. Yet when he was called to serve the country in the field he did it without a salary. At Mount Vernon he was a business man; in history he is a soldier, a statesman and the father of his country.

To sum up, the banker or broker, the baker or the candlestick-maker is in business—in trade. But the artist, the statesman, the thinker, the writer—all who are in touch with the public taste and mind, whose thoughts reach beyond their own livelihood to some common interest—are in professions.

DANGERS OF PLUTOCRACY AND DEMAGOGY.

"Our improvement is in proportion to our purpose."

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

Nothing less than the highest ideals, the most scrupulous anxiety to do right, the most accurate knowledge of the problems it has to meet, and a sincere sense of its moral responsibility will save journalism from subservience to business interests, seeking selfish ends, antagonistic to the public welfare. For instance, Jay Gould once owned the principal Democratic newspaper of

America. He had obtained it from Col. "Tom" Scott in a trade for the Texas Pacific Railroad, and I was fortunate enough to be able to relieve him of his unprofitable burden. C. P. Huntington bought a New York newspaper and turned it into a Democratic organ, he himself, like Gould, being an ardent Republican. He hoped in this way to influence Mr. Cleveland's administration and the Democrats in Congress against making the Pacific railroads pay their debts of about \$120,000,000 to the Government. Incidentally he testified under oath that his journalistic experiment cost him over a million dollars, although his newspaper was so obscure that its utterances were hardly more than soliloquies. Mr. Huntington did somehow succeed in delaying for a number of years the enforcement of the Treasury's claims. More dangerous, however, than the plutocratic control of newspapers for sordid private ends is their control by demagogues for ambitious, selfish ends. The people know, with unerring instinct, when a newspaper is devoted to private rather than to public interests; and their refusal to buy it limits its capacity for harm. But when a demagogic agitator appeals to "the masses" against "the classes" and poses as the ardent friend of the people against their "oppressors," assailing law and order and property as a means of gaining followers among the discontented and unthinking, the newspaper becomes a dangerous power for evil. Especially is this true when money is freely used to mislead the people.

Commercialism has a legitimate place in a newspaper, namely, in the business office. The more successful a newspaper is commercially, the better for its moral side. The more prosperous it is, the more independent it can afford to be, the higher salaries it can pay to editors and reporters, the less subject it will be to temptation, the better it can stand losses for the sake of principle and conviction. But commercialism, which is proper and necessary in the business office, becomes a degradation and a danger when it invades the editorial rooms. Once let the public come to regard the press as exclusively a commercial business and there is an end of its moral power. Influence cannot exist without public confidence. And that confidence must have a human basis. It must rest in the end on the character of the journalist. The editor, the real "journalist" of the future, must be a man of such known integrity that he will be above the sus-

picion of writing or editing against his convictions. He must be known as one who would resign rather than sacrifice his principles to any business interest. It would be well if the editor of every newspaper were also its proprietor, but every editor can be at least the proprietor of himself. If he cannot keep the paper from degrading itself, he can refuse to be a party to the degradation.

By far the larger part of the American press is honest, although partisan. It means to do right; it would like to know how. To strengthen its resolution and give to its wisdom the indispensable basis of knowledge and independence is the object of training in journalism.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

"I know but two ways by which society can be governed: the one is by Public Opinion, the other by the Sword."—MACAULAY.

In an interesting review of its seventy years of life, the *New York Sun* estimated the total circulation of the six morning papers existing in New York at its birth at 18,000 copies a day. Since then four of these six journals have died, and the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Herald* and *World* have been born.

To-day the New York morning papers alone print more than a million copies of every issue. At least 1,500,000 copies more are added every working-day by the evening papers which seventy years ago did not exist. In other words, for every New York newspaper sold in 1833, 140 are sold now to fourteen times as many people. Where there used to be nearly three families to every newspaper, there are now over three newspapers to every family.

There are men now living whose memories can bridge that gap of seventy years. In 1833 Andrew Jackson was President. The entire United States had less than the present population of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, and far less wealth than is concentrated to-day within half a mile of Trinity Church. There was not an American settlement west of the Missouri, and the few cabins were the only marks of civilization on the site of Chicago. New York City was smaller than Detroit is now. Washington was a swamp in which coaches were mired down and abandoned on Pennsylvania Avenue, and cows grazed on the site of the British Embassy. A generation had

passed since Jackson had resigned his seat in the Senate because it took him nearly six weeks to make the journey between Philadelphia, then the capital, and his home—a longer time than it has taken within the past year to girdle the globe—but there were yet Senators who found the trip to Washington not much shorter. Still there were steamboats on the navigable rivers, and stage-coaches drawn over rails by steam-engines had just begun to astonish the inhabitants of a few favored localities. The horse was still the usual motor for high-speed traffic, and the ox or the mule the customary freight-engine. “De Witt Clinton’s ditch” across the State of New York was the commercial marvel of the age. The people of Virginia were strangers to the people of Pennsylvania, and the journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburg was longer and vastly more arduous than the journey now from Boston to the City of Mexico. The farmer reaped his grain with a scythe and cradle, and threshed it with a flail or under the feet of horses. Whale-oil lamps glimmered feebly through the darkness of the city streets. Nails were made by hand on the blacksmith’s forge. In the country a calico gown was a luxury, to be worn on state occasions. Colleges were few and puny. Harvard, the most ambitious of them all, was a high school in which a few professors taught Latin, Greek, moral philosophy and a little mathematics, leading in most cases to a course in theology. There was not a single real university in America. There were no great libraries.

In the best presses of that day, and for many years after, it was necessary to feed the paper by hand, one sheet at a time, print it on one side and then feed it again and print it on the other. All the presses then in existence would not have been able to print a single edition of a leading New York newspaper of our time, such as whirls between the cylinders of a Hoe machine from endless rolls of paper at the speed of the Niagara rapids. All the paper-mills then in the country could not have met the demands of such a journal for white paper. All the news-gathering agencies in the world would have hopelessly broken down in the attempt to provide even a fraction of its present daily supply of information. Had any one suggested then that children were already born who would be still living and reading when news would be flashed from Tokyo to New York by lightning and printed before it happened—who would see on

the same page despatches of the same date from India, from Siberia, from Australia, from Corea and from the sources of the Nile; that one of them in Boston could talk with his own voice to another in Omaha; that they would see newspapers printed on ships on the Atlantic containing news shot on invisible waves over a thousand miles of ocean, and that they could take breakfast in New York and dine in London a week later, he would have been treated as an eccentric "visionary."

So much for the seventy years upon which the old man can look back—what of the seventy years to which the boy can look forward?

The population of the Republic is still increasing at a rate that is more than equivalent to annexing a Canada every four years. New York promises to displace London in twenty or thirty years as the first city of the world. Nearly a million immigrants landed last year—the greatest human flood in all modern history. Electric trains have already been driven at a hundred and fifty miles an hour—as great an advance on the ordinary express train of 1904 as that has been on the stage-coach of 1833. Wireless telegraphy is in its feeble infancy, and radium is hinting of things unsuspected. The nations are drawing together. The International Postal Union and international conventions on copyrights, tariffs, arbitration and other matters of common concern are teaching them that it is as easy to cooperate as to quarrel. At the smallest rate of increase we have ever known in any census period the population of the United States would not be less than 290,000,000 in seventy years from now. Even allowing for any reasonable decline in the rate of growth it can hardly fall below 200,000,000.

We are embarked, whether we like it or not, upon a revolution in thought and life. Progress is sweeping forward with accelerating force, outstripping in decades the advance of former centuries and millenniums. All professions, all occupations but one, are keeping step with that majestic march. Its inspiration has fired all ranks of the marching army, or must we except the standard-bearers? The self-constituted leaders and enlighteners of the people—what are they doing? Standing still, lost in self-admiration, while the hosts march by? Are they even doing as well as that? Is it not a fact that the editors of seventy years ago were, as a rule, better informed in law, politics, government

and history than those of to-day? The statesmen and lawyers and political students who used to do editorial work for ambition or intellectual pleasure have ceased to frequent the newspaper offices. There is no trade so humble that it is not developing a standard of competence based on thorough training. For the more intellectual professions—law, medicine, art, architecture, music, engineering in all its varied branches—the years of preparation are stretching over ever-lengthening periods.

Is the most exacting profession of all—the one that requires the widest and the deepest knowledge and the firmest foundations of character—to be left entirely to the chances of self-education? Is the man who is everybody's critic and teacher the only one who does not need to be taught himself?

WHAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT—AND HOW?

"He (Gladstone) was never very ready to talk about himself, but when asked what he regarded as his master secret, he always said, concentration. Steady practice of instant, fixed, effectual, attention. . . ."—JOHN MORLEY.

Style.—Everybody says that a College of Journalism must teach good English style. But what is a good style and how shall it be taught?

The importance and the rarity of a really good English style are so great that, to my own mind, this college will be worth all its cost if it shall succeed only in teaching the future generations of journalists what a wonderful art Style is and how to perfect themselves in it.

"The style is the man," said Buffon; by which he obviously meant that the best thing in any man's writing is that which is individual—giving his own thought in his own way. But the important thing is to develop the style that is the man in a manner to make it conform to the requisites of the best newspaper writing, namely, accuracy, clearness, terseness and forcefulness.

The literary art is in general very inadequately taught and very little appreciated in this country. No artist aspires to fame without a knowledge of form and color and drawing. But one has only to read the newspapers and the books without number issued from the press to perceive that many authors

audaciously begin their careers without having learned to write.

In no profession is the art of writing more important than in journalism, which is daily turning out a literature—ephemeral, it is true, and in great part bad, but still the literature of the millions. Yet one style will not answer the manifold requirements of a newspaper. There must be a different style for each kind of work—polemical, descriptive, analytical, literary, satirical, expository, critical, narrative—and the mind of the editor, like a trained musical ear, must be able to detect every note out of place. An argumentative editorial on the tariff must not be written in the vein that would be appropriate to a pathetic description of a mother's search for a lost child, nor must a satirical dissection of a politician resemble a report of a bankruptcy case.

But, through all the varied styles fit for use in a newspaper there runs one common feature—public interest. Whether the subject he touches be profound or trivial, the journalist must not be dull nor involved, nor hard to understand. He must know exactly what he wants to say, how to say it and—when to stop. He must have a Gallic lucidity and precision.

He must have the critical faculty, for all newspaper work involves criticism and analysis. The journalist criticises everything under the sun; his eye is always at the mental microscope and his hand on the dissecting-knife.

Acute journalists gradually fashion their own styles through observation and practice. They can never be relieved of that necessity by any attempt to fit a ready-made style to them; but may they not be helped by a course of instruction systematically explaining what journalism requires, with illustrations of good and bad work?

THE LAW.

"Honest and independent journalism is the mightiest force evolved by modern civilization. With all its faults—and what human institution is faultless?—it is indispensable to the life of a free people. The frontiers of the constitutional privilege of the press are as wide as human thought, and it is one of the glories of our country that its journalism, as a whole, is incorrupt, fearless and patriotic. It is the never-sleeping enemy of bigotry, sectionalism, ignorance and crime. It deserves the freedom which our fathers gave it. It has justified itself."

—ALTON B. PARKER, Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals.

Everybody says that Law must be taught. Assuredly!—but how?

There are manifold branches of the law. International law, constitutional interpretation, the law of corporations, of contracts, of real estate, wills, patents, divorce, the criminal law and a score of other important subjects each command the almost undivided attention of legal experts who have practically become specialists.

To attempt the mastery of all phases of the law as taught in a law school would be impossible for a student of journalism. Nor is it necessary. Here again the fundamental idea underlying the entire scheme of this college, of *specializing the instruction*, is seen to be essential. The regular student of law must learn not merely the principles, but the practice and precedents, of his profession. But the journalist needs to know only the principles and theories of law and so much of their application as relates directly to the rights and the welfare of the public. The art of selection must be employed in separating the essential and the practical from the non-essential and the impractical.

Take the question of franchises, which has become so important to municipalities and to the country at large. Would not a series of special lectures, prepared by a competent jurist, instruct those who aim to become teachers and guardians of the people as to the nature and proper limitations of public franchises? A clear definition of the nature and responsibilities of a "common carrier" and of the reservations and conditions which it is right to impose upon corporations that seek the use of public property, like the streets of a city, for private gain, would be of great advantage to those who will be called upon to protect the public interests in the future.

There is much in the papers—and a good deal, it must be confessed, that is either ignorant or demagogic, or both—in denunciation of monopolies. How many know the fundamental fact that oppressive monopolies are abhorrent to the common law, which we inherited from England? How many know the difference between common law and statute law? President Cleveland, President Roosevelt, and even the astute Mr. Olney, thought a constitutional amendment necessary to enable Congress to forbid and punish "trusts, monopolies or other conspiracies in restraint of trade." But the Supreme Court has frequently decided, and

has just reaffirmed the truth that for twelve years I maintained in my newspaper, that under the common law all these combinations are unlawful and subject to the restraint of Congress under the Constitution.

The relations of capital and labor, which present one of the greatest problems before us as a nation and one filled with potentialities of the gravest danger, and the ownership or regulation of public utilities by municipalities or by the nation, both involve many strictly legal or constitutional points. The discussion of these questions in the press is too commonly partisan, superficial or demagogic. Would it not be of great advantage to the press and the public if journalists were instructed in the basic principles of law and equity in these matters? Is it not entirely practicable to teach them the legal meaning of such phrases as "eminent domain," "vested rights," "the public welfare" (as used in the Constitution), "corporate privileges" and the like?

The writ of injunction—or "government by injunction" as it has been mischievously called—would it not be enlightening and useful if a great jurist like Justice Brewer or James C. Carter or Joseph Choate were to give to the students in the College of Journalism a history of this writ, and a dispassionate account of its uses and necessity and possible limitations in a free government?

And so of divorce—the press teems with scandals arising from the too easy sundering of marriage ties. Clergymen deplore its evils, moralists suggest impossible remedies, legislators meddle only to muddle. Would it not conduce to the enactment of a national divorce law, uniform and stringent, if the journalists of the future were impressed with the anomaly of forty-five separate and often conflicting laws of marriage and divorce in this indissoluble Union?

The fundamental things—the settled principles of law—that touch closely the life and the welfare of the people, can surely be taught in a series of lectures by eminent lawyers, aided by the standard text-books. Nearly forty years ago, preparatory to my admission to the bar in St. Louis, I not only read but *studied* Blackstone; and I have never seen the day in my whole journalistic experience when I did not feel thankful for what I then learned of the *principles* of law.

A carefully specialized course of study, adapted to teach the student of journalism what he needs to know, and omitting the

things that are not required by one who has no intention of practising law, will, it seems to me, prove to be not only wholly practicable, but in the highest degree useful. No subject is more important, for Law is the basis of Civilization, the regulator of Liberty, the safeguard of Order, the groundwork of Government, the formal expression of a nation's ideas of Justice—and Justice is the supreme test of any and all government.

ETHICS.

Everybody says that ethics should be taught. But how?

I have expressed myself poorly indeed if I have not made it clear that here is the heart of the whole matter.

Without high ethical ideals a newspaper not only is stripped of its splendid possibilities of public service, but may become a positive danger to the community. There will naturally be a course in ethics, but training in ethical principles must not be confined to that. It must pervade all the courses. Ideals, character, professional standards not to be infringed without shame, a sense of honor which, as Burke said of the totally undeserving French noblesse, feels a stain like a wound: these will be the motif of the whole institution, never forgotten even in its most practical work.

News is important—it is the very life of a paper. But what is life without character? What is the life of a nation or of an individual without honor, without heart and soul?

Above knowledge, above news, above intelligence, the heart and soul of a paper lie in its moral sense, in its courage, its integrity, its humanity, its sympathy for the oppressed, its independence, its devotion to the public welfare, its anxiety to render public service.

Without these there may be smart journalists, but never a truly great or honorable one.

LITERATURE.

Everybody says a journalist must study literature. True—but how? A college course is too short to allow even the barest introduction to all the great works with which a newspaper writer ought to be familiar. But it can make a beginning, which can be intelligent and thorough as far as it goes. The student would have time enough to become intimately acquainted with a few of the masterpieces whose web of imagery and allusion has become part of the texture of English style.

Perhaps I may take it for granted that in this course particular attention will be paid to the literature of politics, from Plato to Burke, from the letters of Junius to Hamilton's famous Federalist letters, and from Jefferson to Lincoln.

TRUTH AND ACCURACY.

Everybody says that a journalist ought to be taught the importance of truth and accuracy. But how?

Journalism implies the duty and art of omniscience. A newspaper never admits that there is anything it does not know. But, while the newspaper may know everything, the man who helps to make it does not, and owing to the limited capacity of the human brain he never can.

More important, therefore, than filling him up with facts that can never reach the measure of his needs is his instruction in the art of finding things when they are required. Does a reader ask how many national bank-notes were outstanding in 1867? The editor may not know, but by turning to the report of the Comptroller of the Currency he can find out, and then the paper knows.

The library of reference is the editor's best friend, and the art of going at once to the proper source for any needed piece of information is one of the most useful arts a journalist can possibly acquire. And is not this something that could easily be taught in a class-room.

The bibliography of books of reference, with instruction in the art of finding data with speed and precision, would make a well-defined college course. There is always some best source for every kind of information—some original source from which the facts trickle through all sorts of media, and finally reach the public at second, third or fourth hand.

To know these sources of exact knowledge, to be able to put one's hand on them instantly, and so to be able to state facts with absolute confidence in their accuracy—could there be any more useful accomplishments for a journalist?

HISTORY.

"He alone reads history aright who, observing how powerfully circumstances influence the feelings and opinions of men, how often virtues pass into vices and paradoxes into axioms, learns to distinguish what is accidental and transitory in human nature from what is essential and immutable."—MACAULAY.

Everybody says that a School of Journalism must teach history. But how?

The world's historical records fill thousands of volumes. The utmost that any scholar can do in a whole lifetime is to dip into this mass of material here and there, and take out something that he particularly wants.

But the average college class is composed of young men with all kinds of purposes, and therefore with all kinds of wants, and these young men must all be taught together. Therefore the professor, perforce, prepares for them a neutral course.

Now, let us suppose that instead of lecturing for the general student in a general way, a professor of history should concentrate sharply upon the special object of the journalist, upon the special, separate needs of his training. Might he not then find time to throw light upon such subjects as these:

The history of politics. ("History," said Seeley, "is past politics and politics is present history.")

The growth and development of free institutions and the causes of their decay.

Revolutions, reforms and changes of government.

The influence of public opinion upon all progress.

Legislation.

Taxation.

Moral movements.

Slavery and war.

Conflicts between capital and labor.

The history of colonization, illuminating American policy at European experience.

The history of journalism.

Of course in this review general history would be lightly touched, English history more thoroughly, and American history would have several times as much attention as all the rest combined. And through all its phases would run the idea of progress, especially the progress of justice, of civilization, of humanity, of public opinion, and of the democratic idea and ideal.

SOCIOLOGY.

Everybody says that a College of Journalism should teach sociology. But how?

Vague and almost formless as this science is, it is full of the

raw material of the newspaper. Charles Booth's monumental seventeen volumes on the life and labor of the people of London, with its maps showing block by block where the thrifty workers congregate and where live the submerged tenth—where dens of vice elbow schools and where the saloon crowds upon the tenement—are the last condensation of a hundred years of reporting. Sociology, the science of the life of man in society, is the systematization of facts which it is the daily business of the journalist to collect.

The chief difficulty in teaching this science is that it is so very broad—like a river in flood, without any definite channel. But a professor who knows what to leave out can frame a course, theoretical and practical, that will be one of the best possible introductions to newspaper work.

ECONOMICS.

Everybody says that a College of Journalism should teach economics. But how?

May I not say with confidence that it should not confine itself to the old, arid, abstract, political economy, but should deal with the new play of industrial and commercial forces that is transforming modern society?

The relations between capital and labor, for instance. Can a journalist be too well informed about that? There are things here of which the old economists, with their "haggling of the market" and their "natural laws of wages," never dreamed.

THE ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC.

There are dangers ahead for the Republic. The demagogue is in the land. He is trying to array society into two camps. There is a new irrepressible conflict which it is folly to ignore. The stupendous growth of corporate power; the enormous increase in individual fortunes, combined to control railroad systems and industries, defiant of law and destructive of competition; the growing inequalities in life, in station and in opportunity; the practical disfranchisement of many millions of citizens equal under the Constitution; the enormous mass of illiteracy and political unfitness in the Southern States; the intensified antagonism of labor against corporate capital, of employees against employers—are problems which will tax the wisdom of our statesmen and the serene self-confidence of our people.

This confidence would be sublime, if it were not blind! What reason have we for thinking that our Government is exempt from the mutations of history? Is not, in fact, our Republic liable to popular passion, sitting as it does in a glass house, subject to the conflicts, the disturbances and the possible reactions of elections every two and four years?

A change of 25,000 votes in certain close States in 1896 would have put Mr. Bryan into the White House and have given him the appointment of three Supreme Court justices. With growing discontent, with appeals to ignorance by some newspapers, powerfully assisted by the proceedings of some financiers who act on the principle, "after us the deluge," who can be so dense as not to see the certainty of popular reaction against the money power, the rich, especially in hard times? Is it inconceivable that an element that could command over six million votes in 1896 might, under other conditions, secure twenty-five thousand more? Who can be so over-confident of the future as not to see that the very fire of liberty, maintained by universal suffrage, brings danger every two years or every four years, unless that liberty be regulated by law, order, intelligence and self-control?

And can we ignore the growing power and intelligence of organized labor in any course of economic study? Not only do the labor-unions represent organized antagonism against organized capital, but they now display this very remarkable development—that they do not represent poor labor, destitute labor, as they formerly did and are supposed by some still to do, but what may fairly be called semi-capitalistic labor. Is it not most significant that after a six months' strike in the anthracite regions, during which the idle miners were reported to have drawn a million dollars from the funds of their union, that union now has, on the authority of Mr. John Mitchell, approximately another million dollars in its treasury? The laborers, in fact, have become semi-capitalists through organization. When they are armed with such a weapon, with the power of cooperation, with a strong leader, and with at least a million of votes for which the politicians of both parties are bidding, are there not sufficient possibilities to make the situation worth the study of men who assume to be popular teachers?

And Socialism!—a new economics in itself—treated as beyond the pale of respectable discussion a few years ago and now in prin-

ciple actually triumphant in Germany, France, and even in so conservative a country as England—whose bill for the purchase and distribution of landed estates in Ireland is the essence of state Socialism—what of that? The German socialists openly refuse to be considered simply as a political party, accepting the present situation and trying to improve existing institutions from within. They proclaim their purpose as distinctly revolutionary.

We have socialistic beginnings in America, such as demands for the Government ownership of mines and railroads and a pension roll on which we have spent three thousand million dollars since the civil war, and to which, already containing a million names, 300,000 new names have just been added by an act of Executive usurpation. But our Socialism has no leaders like Jaurès and Bebel—two of the greatest intellects in Europe.

How soon shall we have two such men in America?—not gifted merely with Mr. Bryan's talent for oratory, but with sound judgment, with stable character and with sincerity of purpose that would give them a hold on the people, not to be obtained except through that confidence which only such sincerity of character and soundness of judgment breed?

ARBITRATION.

And what are we to say of arbitration, that great engine of civilization, belonging equally to economics and to politics, and perhaps to ethics, which is daily proving its value as a substitute for disturbances, disorder, riot and war? The very act of submitting a dispute to arbitration proves that there is something to be said on both sides. The men who arrogantly issue demands for which they offer no reason but simple power have "nothing to arbitrate." Before an arbitration tribunal questions are discussed on their merits. Appeals to prejudice, to class or national animosities, to cynical self-interest, are dropped. Every such hearing is a lesson in order and civilization.

There is always a tendency on the part of the weaker side to ask for arbitration and on that of the stronger to refuse it. Here is the opportunity of the press to bring its moral force into the dispute and overcome the obstinacy of brute strength by the pressure of public opinion.

The literature of arbitration is already immense. The workings of experiments in compulsory arbitration, of boards of con-

ciliation, of permanent State arbitration tribunals, of standing arbitration agreements between labor-unions and employers, and of the long line of international settlements leading up to the establishment of the world's court of arbitration at The Hague, would furnish material in themselves for a full and most valuable course of study for a journalist.

STATISTICS.

Everybody says that statistics should be taught. But how?

Statistics are not simply figures. It is said that nothing lies like figures—except facts. You want statistics to tell you the truth. You can find truth there if you know how to get at it, and romance, human interest, humor and fascinating revelations as well. The journalist must know how to find all these things—truth, of course, first. His figures must bear examination. It is much better to understate than to overstate his case, so that his critics and not himself may be put to confusion when they challenge him to verify his comparisons.

He must not read his statistics blindly; he must be able to test them by knowledge and by common sense. He must always be on the alert to discover how far they can actually be trusted—and what they really mean. The analysis of statistics to get at the essential truth of them has become a well-developed science, whose principles are systematically taught. And what a fascinating science it is! What romance can equal the facts of our national growth?

Is it not a stupendous fact that there are 204,000 miles of railroad in the United States (more than in the whole of Europe) owned by companies having a total capitalization of more than \$14,000,000,000, par value, affording livelihood to 5,000,000 of persons (employees and their families) and distributing \$178,000,000 in dividends to owners and \$610,713,701 in wages?

The flow of our exports—over three thousand millions above imports in seven years—does not the imagination see, in these figures, the whole story of the recent forward rush of American industry—the “American Invasion” of Europe, and the homeward flight of securities? And then, are there not interesting reflections in the fact that we have spent almost exactly the same amount in pensions in the past thirty years? What a tribute to our institutions—what hope for the future—in the fact that

18,000,000 pupils are attending school or college! And immigration—more than 20,000,000 since 1820—nearly a million arrivals last year—a New Zealand swallowed in a year; an Australia in four years;—surely it looks as if Europe were being transplanted bodily to America. But when we remember that the natural increase of the population of Europe is about four millions a year, we may feel reasonably sure that the old continent will always have a few people left.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

Everybody says a School of Journalism should teach modern languages. But which?

It cannot treat them as a luxurious culture subject, or as a mental discipline. It must regard each foreign language as a tool—a key with which to unlock the life, the literature, the morals and the manners of the people that use it. “He who knows no other tongue,” said Goethe, “knows little of his own.” And every additional tongue he can master is a new asset for the journalist. The special advantage of French is on the side of style. Order, precision, lucidity, the sense of form, are all French characteristics of especial value to the journalist.

An advantage of German is that it is, above all others, the language of translations. With that you have a key to everything else. Everything of importance in every other language, ancient or modern, has been translated into German, and translated wonderfully well. How much can be done in two or three years in the teaching of one or more modern languages as a part of that special course is a matter for the Advisory Board and the college authorities to consider.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Everybody says that physical science should be taught. But how?

Even when Pope said: “The proper study of mankind is man”—there were some things outside of himself that were worth a little of a philosopher’s attention. But, in this age, it is impossible to make even a pretence of intelligence, not to speak of filling the post of a public teacher without, at least, a little scientific knowledge.

The journalist need not be a specialist in science; he need not

even follow the ordinary scientific courses at college which are too choked with small details to answer his needs. But ought he not to have some bold outlines of the principles of physics, chemistry, biology and astronomy, in the light of the latest discoveries, with such an introduction to the best authorities on these subjects as would enable him to follow them out to any further extent by himself?

THE STUDY OF NEWSPAPERS.

Everybody says that in the training of a journalist the current newspapers must be studied. But how?

Suppose the managing or chief editor of a great daily, moved by a generous zeal for his profession, should give several hours to a thorough study of the newspapers of the current day. Then let us imagine him saying to a class: "Here is the best and here is the worst story of the day"—and telling why. "Here is the wrong of the day; here is the injustice that needs to be righted; here is the best editorial; here is a brilliant paragraph; here is a bit of sentimental trash; here is a superb 'beat'; here is a scandalous 'fake,' for which the perpetrator ought to go to Sing Sing; here is a grossly inaccurate and misleading headline; here is an example of crass ignorance of foreign politics; here is something 'crammed' from an almanac by a man who does not know the meaning of figures when he sees them."

If the editors of twenty of the foremost journals in the country should deliver such lectures in turn, "demonstrating" from the day's paper as the lecturer in a medical college does from the object of his clinic, could a young man worth his room in a newspaper office go through a year of their training without learning to see and to think? Would not that course alone be a liberal education?

THE POWER OF IDEAS.

"Public opinion is at once the guide and the monitor of statesmen."—*ERSKINE MAY.*

Everybody says that journalistic ideas should be taught. But how?—and by whom?

Goethe said: "Everything has been thought of before, but the difficulty is to think of it again." If everything has been thought of before, it can all be recalled and set down in order. You can make a list of all the important ideas that brought honor and suc-

cess in journalism in the last twenty years. Would it be possible for anybody, unless he were a fool, to survey for three hundred days in the year a procession of ideas on which successful and respectable newspapers had been founded and maintained without absorbing, digesting, assimilating and unconsciously taking into his brain thought material which he could apply to his own needs?

Fools have had no place in my plans for a College of Journalism. They belong with the journalists who are "born, not made."

To think rightly, to think instantly, to think incessantly, to think intensely, to seize opportunities when others let them go by—this is the secret of success in journalism. To teach this is twenty times more important than to teach Latin or Greek.

Napoleon said that every battle depended upon one thought, but that one thought, though seeming to be a sudden inspiration, was the result of a whole life of thinking and experience.

Thought is the only power that has no limits. You may say of a steam boiler: "This will develop a thousand horse-power," but who can say where the influence of a thought will stop?

The French Revolution sprang from the thought of a few men. Voltaire, Rousseau and the Encyclopædists said that the idea of the people belonging to the King by divine right was preposterous; that the people belonged to themselves. This thought-germ floated in the air; the American revolution stimulated it and suddenly the awakened people made the thought a deed.

An old thought applied to a new situation is new. Robespierre spoke of "Government of the people, by the people, for the people" long before Lincoln was born. Yet who remembers Robespierre in connection with that phrase which Lincoln recreated and immortalized?

Before the days of railroads, of telegraphs or of great industrial and commercial combinations a thinker in France attacked corporations as a danger to the State, because, having no souls, they were destitute of that sense of pride and personal responsibility, of individual shame and honor, without which good citizenship is impossible. It was the idea of Helvetius that devotion to the State is the first duty of patriotism. In his day that idea seemed purely theoretical—corporations were not then really formidable. But the thought was sound and the time has come when it is practical.

"There is nothing new under the sun." Mr. Bryan's idea of

scaling down debts by law is as old as social discontent. If he had read history attentively he would not have taken himself so seriously as an agitator. His scheme was tried by Lycurgus, by Solon, by the Gracchi; it was part of the programme of Catiline. Even the method of doing it, by depreciating the value of the coinage, was applied repeatedly by European Kings in the Middle Ages, and later.

None of us can hope to be original. We simply take from the great stock of old thoughts what suits our purpose, and it depends upon ourselves and our training whether we select the good or the bad.

PRINCIPLES OF JOURNALISM.

Everybody says that we should teach the principles and methods of journalism. But how?

Well, it seems impossible to do so, without lectures explaining the subject in a systematic way. But would not still more be gained from the actual preparation by the students of a newspaper to be printed, perhaps, once a week at first, by means of a press and plant, for which I have provided, in the college building?

Such a paper would give practice in all branches of newspaper work—editing, reporting, criticising, copy-reading, proof-reading, making-up—everything, in short, that a young man ought to be able to do before he ventures to undertake the work of a journalist. It would be under the supervision of a professor who would not only wield the pencil as ruthlessly as a real editor does, but would also do what the real editor has no time to do—tell why he did it. Sometimes all the students might be asked to write editorials on the same subject and the best one could be printed, with an explanation of the reasons for its selection.

If the ablest twenty editors in the country or in the East, or in New York, were to consent to take turns once or twice a year in analyzing and criticising the paper so produced, and the New York dailies, putting their best thought and experience into the task, the students would have the benefit, not of one mind, but of twenty, and these the best in the profession. Would not editors in sympathy with the plan do this much as a matter of pride, of honor? By such practice, under such expert criticism, the journalist would be trained for work, as the young officer is trained for war by military manœuvres.

But the object of the course would be always to make real

editors, to develop right thinking—to teach the student that what makes a newspaper is not type, nor presses, nor advertising, but brains, conscience, character working out into public service.

FINALE—THE NEWS.

But I must stop—and should perhaps apologize for the interminable length of this paper, which has exceeded all reasonable bounds. The writing of it has convinced me that the two years' course of study suggested for the College of Journalism would be altogether too short—for, after all, we have not yet said anything about news.

It is not that I underestimate its value. News is the life of a paper. It is perennially changing—more varied than any kaleidoscope, bringing every day some new surprise, some new sensation—always the unexpected.

But I have no time to treat the subject adequately, and ought to confess that the editorial discussion of politics and public questions has ever been the matter of deepest personal interest to me.

News is very interesting, but there are others who no doubt will take care of it better than I. Give me a news editor who has been well grounded, who has the foundations of accuracy, love of truth and an instinct for the public service, and there will be no trouble about his gathering the news.

PUBLIC SERVICE THE SUPREME END.

“What are great gifts but the correlative of great work? We are not born for ourselves but for our kind, for our neighbors, for our country.”—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

It has been said by some that my object in founding the College of Journalism was to help young men who wish to make this their vocation. Others have commended it as an effort to raise journalism to its real rank as one of the learned professions. This is true. But while it is a great pleasure to feel that a large number of young men will be helped to a better start in life by means of this college, this is not my primary object. Neither is the elevation of the profession which I love so much and regard so highly. In all my planning the chief end I had in view was the welfare of the Republic. It will be the object of the college to make better journalists, who will make better newspapers, which will better serve

the public. It will impart knowledge—not for its own sake, but to be used for the public service. It will try to develop character, but even that will be only a means to the one supreme end—the public good. We are facing that hitherto-unheard-of portent—an innumerable, world-wide, educated, and self-conscious democracy. The little revolutions of the past have been effected by a few leaders working upon an ignorant populace, conscious only of vague feelings of discontent. Now the masses read. They know their grievances and their power. They discuss in New York the position of labor in Berlin and in Sydney. Capital, too, is developing a world-wide class feeling. It likewise has learned the power of cooperation.

What will be the state of society and of politics in this Republic seventy years hence, when some of the children now in school will be still living? Shall we preserve the government of the Constitution, the equality of all citizens before the law and the purity of justice—or shall we have the government of either money or the mob?

The answers to these questions will depend largely upon the kind of instruction the people of that day draw from their newspapers—the text-books, the orators, the preachers of the masses.

I have said so much of the need for improvement in journalism that to avoid misconception I must put on record my appreciation of the really admirable work so many newspaper men are doing already. The competent editorial writer, for instance—how much sound information he furnishes every day! How generally just his judgments are, and how prompt his decisions! Unknown to the people he serves, he is in close sympathy with their feelings and aspirations, and, when left to himself and unhampered by party prejudices, he generally interprets their thought as they would wish to express it themselves.

It is not too much to say that the press is the only great organized force which is actively and as a body upholding the standard of civic righteousness. There are many political reformers among the clergy, but the pulpit as an institution is concerned with the Kingdom of Heaven, not with the Republic of America. There are many public-spirited lawyers, but the bar as a profession works for its retainers, and no law-defying trust ever came to grief from a dearth of legal talent to serve it. Physicians work for their patients and architects for their patrons. The press alone makes the

public interests its own. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business"—except the journalist's; it is his by adoption. But for his care almost every reform would fall stillborn. He holds officials to their duty. He exposes secret schemes of plunder. He promotes every hopeful plan of progress. Without him public opinion would be shapeless and dumb. He brings all classes, all professions together, and teaches them to act in concert on the basis of their common citizenship.

The Greeks thought that no republic could be successfully governed if it were too large for all the citizens to come together in one place. The Athenian democracy could all meet in the popular assembly. There public opinion was made, and accordingly as the people listened to a Pericles or to a Cleon the state flourished or declined. The orator that reaches the American democracy is the newspaper. It alone makes it possible to keep the political blood in healthful circulation in the veins of a continental republic. We have—it is unfortunately true—a few newspapers which advocate dangerous fallacies and falsehoods, appealing to ignorance, to partisanship, to passion, to popular prejudice, to poverty, to hatred of the rich, to socialism, sowing the seeds of discontent—eventually sure, if unchecked, to produce lawlessness and bloodshed. Virtue, said Montesquieu, is the principle of a republic, and therefore a republic, which in its purity is the most desirable of all forms of government, is the hardest of all to preserve. For there is nothing more subject to decay than virtue.

Our Republic and its press will rise or fall together. An able, disinterested, public-spirited press, with trained intelligence to know the right and courage to do it, can preserve that public virtue without which popular government is a sham and a mockery. A cynical, mercenary, demagogic press will produce in time a people as base as itself. The power to mould the future of the Republic will be in the hands of the journalists of future generations. This is why I urge my colleagues to aid the important experiment which I have ventured to endow. Upon their generous aid and cooperation the ultimate success of the project must depend.

JOSEPH PULITZER.

RUSSIA IN THE FAR EAST.

A STATEMENT TO THE "NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW" BY COMTE
CASSINI, THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR.

I HAVE been invited by the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to make a statement of Russia's position in the Far Eastern conflict. Contributing articles to magazines and newspapers is not the mission of a diplomat, and I have been obliged to decline many kind invitations from the periodical press. For several reasons I have made an exception in favor of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, the principal one being that I have from time to time given to the American press, upon application, certain facts regarding my country and its policies which, in my faith in the fairness and impartiality of the American people, I felt would be carefully considered by them in attempting to reach an honest and a just conclusion as to the true position of Russia in the Far East. In furnishing this statement to the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I am actuated by the hope that it will be alike for the benefit of Russia and the readers of the magazine.

A common belief is that war comes only when diplomacy fails. As a general proposition this idea is correct; but it must be remembered that there are instances on record where diplomacy has been invoked for the specific purpose of precipitating war. Russia's diplomacy has ever made for her peace and that of the world. It was in this spirit that she entered into negotiations with Japan last summer, in the fervent hope that an understanding satisfactory and honorable to all concerned might be the result. Russia believed that Japan's diplomacy was directed to the same end. She saw her mistake only when Japan, without fair warning, substituted arms for diplomacy. It was then that my country realized that her patience in the negotiations had been abused, and that Japan was using diplomacy as a time-

gaining device that she might the better equip herself for the war upon which she appears all along to have been determined.

When I was in Paris last summer a prominent Japanese remarked to me:

"Before we meet again our countries probably will be at war."

"Why do you say that?" I asked. "Russia's desire has always been for peace, and the war would not be of her making."

"Certainly not," he replied. "It would be what my country has so long been hoping for and expecting. She needs a war to place her in the front rank of nations; and while your diplomacy may stave off hostilities a little while longer, Japan will get a war with you before a year has gone."

I hoped my Japanese friend was wrong; my government hoped so; and yet even then there were many evidences that he spoke the truth. The correctness of his statement was not fully appreciated, however, until the treacherous midnight attack at Port Arthur by Japanese torpedo-boats, while the Japanese Minister at Petersburg was still enjoying the protection and the courtesies of the Russian government, to whom he had only a short while before expressed the confident hope that war might yet be averted.

Russia has never ceased to wonder why the idea that she was willing and anxious to make war with Japan became so generally prevalent in the United States. Prejudiced minds, or those having nothing beyond a superficial knowledge of my government's position preceding the unexpected and dishonorable attack upon our fleet at Port Arthur, may dispute the statement that Russia hoped for and tried to maintain peace, but I have no hesitation in making it. If proof of the assertion be demanded, it lies in the simple but uncontradicted answer, Russia was not prepared. For the personal representative of the Russian Emperor to make an admission seemingly so humiliating to national pride may appear strange and remarkable to the people of the United States, but it is made with full appreciation of its importance and significance. I repeat that Russia was not prepared for war because she had no reason to expect war. In her faith that the negotiations with Japan were being conducted by both parties with the object of reaching an amicable and an honorable adjustment of their differences, she was not conscious that the outcome was to be other than peaceful. Faithfully adhering to the terms of her treaty with China respecting Manchuria, she had with-

drawn the major portion of her troops from that province until between sixty thousand and seventy thousand only remained. Such a proceeding makes ridiculous the allegation that Russia, actuated by designs upon not only Manchuria, but Corea, was from the first determined to possess this territory by force of arms, and that negotiations were prolonged for the purpose of giving opportunity for the concentration of the Russian forces upon Manchurian soil. Had Russia desired war, or even had she expected it, no considerations would have induced her to evacuate Chinese territory and thus lose the opportunity of ending the war quickly.

It should not be supposed that Russia is at war for the purpose of gratifying the ambition of her opponent to become a great nation. Russia is fighting to defend her position in the Far East; for vast interests which it would be foolhardy for her to abandon. That Russia, foremost in developing Manchuria, holds a privileged position in that vast expanse of territory, will not be denied by fair-minded men. It is a popular impression that Russia has attained her present foothold in this Chinese province through the right of virtual military conquest. No idea could be more erroneous. Through the pacific channels of diplomacy my government acquired privileges which, accepted in good faith, have been exercised in a spirit of true modern progressiveness, until now the flower of enlightened civilization blooms throughout a land that a few years ago was a wild, and in many parts a desolate, seemingly unproductive waste. Before the signing of the treaty which I had the honor to negotiate in behalf of my sovereign, giving to Russia railroad and other concessions in Manchuria, no white man could have ventured into that province without danger to his life. China, of her own free volition, conferred upon Russia permission to build a railway through Manchuria to Port Arthur, and it was to Russia that China turned when, forced to assent to Japan's demand for one hundred million dollars as war indemnity, she found herself unable to meet this enormous obligation imposed upon a defeated country, bankrupt, or practically so, by the exactions of a costly war. China's appeal was not in vain; she received the loan from Russia. I claim it to have been another friendly act on the part of my government, in cooperation with France and Germany, to save to China the Liaotung peninsula which Japan had seized as

part of the spoils of victory. How much more serious even than it is to-day would have been the menace to Europe and to the whole world, if Japan had secured a firm foothold upon the Asiatic mainland.

Upon the basis of the rights to commercial exploitation thus peaceably obtained, Russia built a railway into and through Manchuria. She built bridges, roads and canals. She has built cities whose rapid construction and wonderful strides in population and industry have no parallel, certainly in Europe and Asia, perhaps even in America. Harbin and Dalny are monuments to Russian progressiveness and civilization. These great undertakings, wonderful even in a day of marvellous human accomplishment, have cost Russia more than three hundred million dollars. To have abandoned them in the face of the menacing attitude of an ambitious and daring nation would have been an act of stupendous folly that would have made Russia not only the laughing-stock, but the object of the scornful pity, of the whole civilized world. Had the menace not existed, however; had China not failed to offer satisfactory guarantees of adequate protection to Russia's interests in Manchuria, Russia would cheerfully have continued to carry out her arrangement with China for the withdrawal of the Imperial military forces from Chinese territory.

It may properly be asked, and doubtless is asked: Why was a Russian army sent to Manchuria at all? The answer involves only a simple explanation. Initial successes achieved by the Boxers in the anti-foreign uprising of 1900 emboldened them to cross the Amur River, which divides Russian territory from Manchuria, and attack the Siberian city of Blagovistchensk. There were regular Chinese troops in this attacking force, commanded by officers of the Chinese Imperial service. That fact gave Russia cause for war. It was an act of war. But Russia, with a forbearance that contradicts the charges against her of a desire to dismember the territorial integrity of the Chinese Empire, took no such advantage of the situation. Her military forces in Siberia vigorously resented the invasion and punished the invaders, and then, in accordance with that high law of self-preservation, crossed the frontier to protect the vast Russian material interests in Manchuria from the destructive designs of the fanatical hordes of soldiers and Boxers whose rallying cry was, "Death to all foreigners."

Had not Russian troops gone into Manchuria, that province would doubtless have witnessed scenes of carnage, pillage, and wanton destruction that would have created a sensation throughout the world. Russia restored order in Manchuria. She held her military forces there pending an adjustment of the differences between China and the Powers. When inquiries were made as to Russia's intentions toward Manchuria, assurances were promptly and cheerfully given of her willingness to evacuate as soon as China had furnished guarantees absolutely necessary to the preservation of Russia's vast interests.

In accordance with her expressed purpose, Russia negotiated an arrangement with China which provided among other things for the evacuation of Manchuria by the Imperial troops, and more than half of these troops had been withdrawn when the failure of China to furnish the required guarantees produced a halt. In failing to complete her evacuation of Manchuria on October 8 last, Russia is charged with the violation of her agreement with China. It requires but a reading of every Russian note on the subject to prove the injustice of this charge. Russia in all her diplomatic exchanges, written and verbal, on this subject, has qualified this pledge with the condition: "if action of other Powers proves no obstacle thereto."

Jealous of the growing interests of Russia in Manchuria, the Japanese government long ago endeavored to establish a parallel between its position in Corea and that of Russia in the Chinese province. The justice of this contention my government has never for a moment admitted. To consent to the establishment of such parallel would be to surrender a principle which the Powers, Japan included, have repeatedly recognized, and the same Powers have stood or claimed to have stood for the absolute integrity of the Corean Empire and for its independence. Having promised protection to the interests of foreign Powers in Manchuria, Russia refused to enter into a bargain with Japan by which that country might secure certain rights that in themselves would affect the political and territorial integrity of Corea.

In the progress of the negotiations begun last summer between Petersburg and Tokyo, Russia showed at all times a most conciliatory spirit. She modified her terms time and again, so intent was His Majesty, the Emperor, upon preserving the peace of the Empire. At all times, however, my government insisted upon a

mutual and unconditional guaranty of this principle of the independence and integrity of Corea; on an undertaking to use no part of Corea for strategic purposes, as the authorization of such action on the part of any foreign Power was directly opposed to the principle of the independence of Corea, and finally on the preservation of the full freedom of navigation of the Straits of Corea.

The Japanese government declined to accept these conditions, and replied by demanding again that Russia incorporate in a separate treaty between the Petersburg and Tokyo governments a declaration defining anew the rights which Japan was to enjoy in Manchuria, and a reiteration of the statements of my government's future intentions in that province. First, because such a subject was quite irrelevant to the negotiations in progress, and for the additional reason that Manchuria was a question to be settled between Russia and China in which Japan was no more legitimately concerned than any other Power, my government refused to accede to these demands. To have entered into a separate arrangement with Japan regarding Manchuria would not only have been a violation of good faith with China, but with the Powers which, with Russia and Japan, signed the peace protocol of 1900. However, in another effort to bring the negotiations to a peaceful conclusion, my country did all that dignity would permit and offered to give assurances again that the sovereignty of the Emperor of China in Manchuria would be recognized. Such a declaration had already been addressed to the Powers. Having made this marked concession solely in the interest of peace, my government awaited the Japanese answer in the expectation that it would at least be diplomatic in character, and would furnish the basis for the furtherance of the negotiations to a satisfactory conclusion. Before the Russian Minister at Tokyo could deliver this reply, the Japanese answer came, not through the regular channels, but as a torpedo attack at midnight. And now that war has come, Russia does not doubt the issue.

It is not a thoughtless statement that were Japan to obtain supreme control in Manchuria, the dominant military spirit of the Japanese would lead them to organize the Chinese into a modern army of such proportions that Europe and America would stand aghast at this menace to their peace and well-being. That is a

phase of what has been called the "Yellow Peril" that it would be well for the thoughtful and intelligent classes to consider carefully. The Chinese make good soldiers. To suppose them to be pusillanimous in character is erroneous. They are easily trained by competent instructors, and with a population of more than four hundred and thirty millions to draw from, an army could be raised that, cooperating with Japan, might, with a reasonable show of confidence, defy the civilized world.

You in America should pause to contemplate the result of a union of the two great Mongol races—one progressive, aggressive, alert, over-ambitious, dreaming dreams of standing dominant not only in the Far East, but in the councils of the Powers; the other imitative, easily influenced, ready if not anxious to have a stronger hand mould its flaccid character into whatever shape would be best suited to carry out a scheme of national aggrandizement. You of America, as well as we of Europe, have this to confront. It is not Russia alone that the danger threatens, but the whole family of Caucasian nations.

There is another aspect of the question which has doubtless already appealed to that admirable, rugged common sense for which the American business man is noted the world over. I refer to the commercial feature of the Far Eastern situation. In the outcropping of that perhaps natural sympathy arising from a kindly feeling for what has been considered a weak nation in its conflict with a powerful antagonist, many well-meaning people in this country have not taken time to contemplate the future. Every man looks to his own interests, and nations and the people composing them are the same in that respect. I know that in Europe there is a disposition to credit America with the worship of the Mighty Dollar above all else, but my experience in this great land, many of whose distinguished citizens have given me a friendship that I deeply appreciate, has taught me that money is not everything, and that the hearts of men and women are full of those Christian qualities that place honor and fair play higher than mere sordidness. Believing that the American people, however much their judgment may have been warped at times by misconception of the truth, will see that there are two sides to the present unfortunate conflict in Asia, I do not doubt that they will ultimately reach the conclusion that Russian progress is not only not inimical to their interests, but distinctly helpful to them.

Let us consider the issue in the Far East from the practical standpoint, and see to what extent it bears on the sentimental. It is claimed that with Russia out of Manchuria, that great province would be a lucrative market for American textile goods, agricultural implements and notions. But would there be no competition in this trade? Immediately the rivalry of Japan suggests itself. There are no people so quick to learn as the Japanese. They are intelligent, deft, wonderfully imitative. With the opportunity of commercial success in Manchuria presented, how quickly they would appreciate the value of learning the art of making the goods demanded by the countless inhabitants of that territory. Cheap grades of cotton fabrics are necessary to the Manchurians; Japan would not be long in learning to fashion them. Manchuria, given up to tilling the soil, requires agricultural implements; the Japanese would quickly be turning out ploughs and harrows, reapers and scythes. With their cheaper labor and their nearness to Manchuria, no other people could compete with the Japanese.

But let us suppose for argument's sake that Russia, triumphant in this war, finds herself dominant in Manchuria. Japan, her enemy, could look for no favors; she could not expect to find encouragement for the importation of her manufactures. But Manchuria would require many things that Russia could not supply, or supply at figures reasonable enough to create a market. In Russia, agriculture is, comparatively speaking, more important than manufacturing, and those goods which are made in my country are not such as Manchuria would need. Russia, too, would be obliged to use the railway with its high freight tariffs. Contrast Russia's position commercially toward Manchuria with that of the United States. In this country are made not only the very materials that would find a ready sale among the people of the province, but with American goods shipped by an all-water route, the cost of transportation would be much lower than the cost of carrying on the all-land routes to which Russia would be confined. Should Russia ship by water to Manchuria from Odessa, the distance would still be too great to make competition with the United States successful. From Moscow to Port Arthur the distance by rail is 5,000 miles. It is therefore easy to realize the privileged position of the United States in competing over an all-water route from the Pacific Coast, with Russia over an all-rail route.

What then, taking these matters into consideration, is the Far Eastern question viewed in its commercial aspect from the American point of view? On the other hand stands Manchuria open to the commerce of the world—Japan in competition with the United States, a manufacturing Japan capable of making the goods needed in Manchuria and of making them cheaper than America can make them, and having the additional advantage of short all-water freight rates. On the other hand stands Manchuria under Russian control with a friendly hand extended to the United States, and Japan given no encouragement. To my mind, the conclusion is obvious. What better evidence of Russian friendship could America have than such an opening, or, to merge the practical with the sentimental, what better results could follow for both America and Russia than mutual cooperation in the stimulation of American trade with Manchuria?

WASHINGTON, *April 9, 1904.*

A HAPPY AUGURY OF PEACE.

BY WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

As the habit of looking on the bright side of things is in itself a virtue of no mean order, it ought, like all other virtues, to be cultivated even under adverse conditions, and when the conditions are very favorable cheerfulness ought to pass into thanksgiving. Such, it seems to me, is the state of mind in which all who long for, and strive after, the practical realization, as soon as possible, of "peace on earth and good-will to men" as a substitute for war on earth and ill-will to men should welcome the treaty just concluded between Great Britain and France, notwithstanding the outbreak of the war between Japan and Russia.

Several of the leading nations of Europe have recently entered into treaties with each other providing for the arbitration of such controversies as might thereafter arise between them and which could not be amicably settled, agreeing in some cases to refer them to the decision of the Hague Tribunal. Such a treaty was signed last October between Great Britain and France, but it is now followed by a treaty settling, upon just and honorable bases, all disputed questions at present existing, which might otherwise, from time to time, not only lead to war between them, but otherwise endanger the peace of Europe.

While fully recognizing the great service to humanity thus rendered, it should never be forgotten that the Emperor of Russia led the way in this good work, by his appeal to the nations to lessen as far as possible the terrible evils of war. He did not call it hell, in the apt and picturesque phrase of General Sherman, but he did use these noble words:

"The maintenance of general peace and a sensible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations present themselves in the existing condition of the whole world as the

ideal towards which the endeavors of all governments should be directed. . . . This Conference will be, by the help of God, a happy presage for the century now about to open. It will unite and thus greatly strengthen the efforts of all those states which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord. It will at the same time cement them together by a general consecration of the principles of equity and right, on which rest the security of states and the welfare of peoples."

That lofty, ethical appeal was not unheeded, and although the law of force had always theretofore reigned supreme, it became at once a subject of practical discussion by responsible sovereigns, statesmen and diplomatists whether the principles of justice and right might not take its place; and a representative of the Emperor at the Conference thus called declared that "the name of Peace Conference, which the instincts of the people, anticipating a decision on this point by the governments, have given to our assemblage, indicated accurately the essential object of our labors. The Peace Conference must not fail in the mission which devolves upon it. It must offer a result of its deliberations which shall be tangible and upon which all humanity waits with confidence. We shall also undertake in a special manner to generalize and codify the practice of good offices, of mediation, and of arbitration. These ideas constitute, so to speak, the very essence of our task. . . . Without doubt rivalries exist. . . . Such rivalry may do good, provided that above it all there shall remain the idea of justice and the lofty sentiment of human brotherhood. . . . *The nations have a great need of peace.*"

The Conference itself in constituting the Hague Tribunal was actuated by the same beneficent purpose. When doing so, the assembled representatives of twenty-six nations declared that such a tribunal would be "a mighty power making for the cause of right and justice throughout the world, and that it would incessantly remind the spirit of all peoples, by a conspicuous and respected sign, of the superior ideas of right and humanity, while it would be a mighty instrument towards the solemn establishment of the sentiment of justice in the world, for the good of all peoples and for the progress of humanity."

Next to the Emperor of Russia the credit for the present movement in Europe to discourage war and to encourage peace

undoubtedly belongs to the King of Great Britain. Ever since his accession his labors have been incessant in this good cause. He began his reign by seeking to bring the war in the Transvaal to a close, and he has ever since been visiting the capitals of other nations as a genuine missionary of peace, so that the statement officially published does him no more than justice in asserting that the amicable treaty of friendship just signed with France is due in a large measure to his "powerful influence."

As one grows older one ought to grow wiser, for as one gets into years the years ought to bring with them a better sense of proportion and a truer judgment of truth and error, in comparative politics, as well as in other matters. Whether that is so or not, it is very certain that time only increases in Americans their faith in a "government of the people, by the people and for the people," but that unalterable conviction makes it the more desirable that we should give full credit alike to the Emperor and to the King for their unselfish efforts to make "the great idea of general peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord," for such an idea is in perfect harmony with our history and our institutions.

Anticipating their advocacy of peace, General Grant as long ago as 1879 wrote these modest but significant words:

"Although educated and brought up as a soldier and probably having been in as many battles as any one, certainly as many as most people could have been, yet there never was a time nor a day when it was not my desire that some just and fair way should be established for settling difficulties, instead of bringing innocent persons into conflict and thus withdrawing from productive labor able-bodied men who in a large majority of cases have no particular interest in the subject for which they are contending."

The purport of these words is, it will be observed, very similar to the purport of the words used by the Emperor of Russia more than twenty years afterwards in asking the nations to assemble in a peace conference at The Hague.

The impressive words recently spoken by Senator Fairbanks of Indiana on this subject deserve also to be quoted: "The questions recur as often as we witness the devastating effects of international strife, cannot the wit of man devise some agency whereby to avert it in whole or in good part? Cannot men reason and solve grave questions in the deliberative chamber as well as upon

the battle-field? Cannot men successfully discuss questions of international significance in the serene tribunals of peace as well as upon the decks of men-of-war, with the air filled with the missiles of death and destruction?

"The arbitral tribunal affords a ready, fair and honorable way of determining most of the disputes which arise between nations. It will not be efficacious in all cases, but that it is capable of settling many and serious problems there can be no possible doubt. This agency may be invoked without the loss of national dignity or national self-respect in adjusting a vast range of international differences.

"The strongest nations can well lead the way in promoting the principle of international arbitration. Their motives will not be questioned and their example will have a far-reaching and beneficent influence. The principle is essentially sound. It should receive, as it is receiving, the utmost consideration at the hands of statesmen and students of public questions, to the end that it may become an acknowledged, permanent international policy. It makes for peace. It will become an effective agency to avert war."

The especial reason why the friends of peace are entitled to exult over the signing of the Anglo-French Treaty, as over a great victory achieved for their cause, is admirably stated by Lord Lansdowne in expressing the hope that those two countries "in basing the composition of their long-standing differences upon mutual concessions may afford a precedent which will contribute something to the maintenance of international good-will and the preservation of general peace." The statesmen and diplomatists, on both sides of the British Channel, who have assisted in accomplishing this happy consummation of a treaty of friendship which is to take the place of the hostility of centuries should be the objects of our gratitude as well as of our congratulations, for the peaceful issue of their labors is likely to confer immeasurable blessings not only upon their own countries, but by the influence of this treaty, as well as by its example, upon all the nations of the earth. Such a transaction, so free from all base alloy, should not only renew the courage of the advocates of peace, but also strengthen their hope that the dawning of a better day is not so distant as it sometimes seems.

Optimism, like most other things, is of two kinds, the false and

the true. That is a false optimism which insists upon calling black white and evil good, and seeks compensation from the persons and the parties which happen to have at their disposal favors to dispense, for pretending that whatever they do is right and wise, however wrong and unwise it may be. That is a true optimism which sees clearly and states distinctly that black is black and things evil are things evil, but which believes and declares that the present decade will probably witness the perpetration of fewer inexcusable wrongs than the decade which preceded it, and that the decade which follows will probably present a still fairer record in that respect, for the simple reason that the world grows better and not worse with "the process of the suns."

It is, however, idle to deny that the possession of great military or naval strength continues to be, as it always has been, a dangerous temptation to use it for the wicked purpose of conquering or dismembering some country too weak to offer successful resistance. For more than thirty years no great Power had ventured to assail any other great Power, but almost every one of them had been guilty of acts of spoliation against small Powers who were unable to defend themselves—such aggressions are so utterly wanting in every element of true courage that it is not easy even to allude to them in good temper, and unhappily, our own government is no longer entitled to criticise other nations for despoiling their weaker neighbors by the abuse of the superior force they happen to possess.

Certainly such wanton and wicked aggressions if standing alone would justify very gloomy apprehensions of the future, but happily they do not stand alone. Over against them is to be set the fact that every one of these occurrences has encountered severe criticism and reprobation from great numbers of people in the different countries supposed to be commercially benefited by the wrongs committed in their name. There is also the cheering consideration that there is a constant pressure of an ever-increasing weight of public opinion in all countries where such opinion exists, that unnecessary and aggressive war is a great and terrible evil, and a growing discontent with the spoliation and dismemberment of weak nations by force, no matter under what specious pretence it is accomplished, as well as the belief that such action is a crime with which history is sure to deal in no measured terms. The best, however, of all reasons for hopeful-

ness, in the face of such wrongdoing, is to be found in the encouraging consideration that the violations of international law and of international justice must constantly grow less and less, alike in number and in atrocity. At the same time we all know that the moral law makes its way but slowly in the relations alike of individuals and of nations, nor must we expect the age of miracles to return even in so good a cause as that of the world's peace.

After the intimation given in the pages of this REVIEW last December there ought not to have been any surprise that the decision of the Hague Tribunal was in favor of the Powers who engaged in war against Venezuela. Indeed, arbitrators, all of whom happened to be subjects of great European monarchies, could hardly be expected to deal harshly with other great European monarchies for imposing their will by war upon a weak and distant South-American republic, nor ought they to be greatly blamed, in view of their training and environment, for their inability to see that the only important question for the Hague Tribunal, the ethical question, was the one they declined to decide. By confining themselves to what seems to be an unreasonable construction of the words used on behalf of Venezuela to secure the ending of the war, they evaded the duty of deciding whether the war itself was or was not justifiable upon the principles enunciated by the Peace Conference which created the Tribunal upon which they were sitting. There can, however, be no manner of doubt that they acted according to the best light they had, nor can there be any doubt that the presence for the first time of so many great nations at the bar of the Tribunal outweighs in usefulness any adverse result of the decision itself.

If, as reported, M. Mouravieff is trying to persuade the Emperor of Russia that a Peace Tribunal should treat as what he calls "politics" and ignore as irrelevant all arguments in favor of peace, he certainly deserves the sympathy of all kindly disposed persons. In calling the arguments against unnecessary war "politics" he shows himself unacquainted with the broad distinction between "politics" and "ethics," a distinction which has been tolerably familiar at least since Aristotle—and possibly his failure to recognize that distinction accounts for his otherwise unaccountable confusion of ideas on the subject.

In spite, however, of all the hostile influences which have been

mentioned, the friends of peace possess ample grounds for thanksgiving in the present condition and the future prospects of the cause, whose triumph seems to them so necessary to the true progress and welfare of mankind; and while the war between Japan and Russia is a source of profound sorrow the result of it may not prove an unmixed evil. We are far too ignorant of the facts essential to a just judgment to attempt to fix the blame for the resort to arms, but even at this early stage of the struggle it seems probable that at its close both combatants will have suffered great losses without compensating gains to either. Certainly, no previous war ever evoked so little public interest, the general feeling being only one of regret that a war is being waged without any apparent necessity for it.

Such a condition of public opinion certainly indicates that it is changing its attitude towards war in general, and no person could have attended the conference held in Washington last January without being impressed with the immense advance the cause of international arbitration, which is only another name for the cause of international peace, has recently made in this country. The attendance upon the conference was fully representative, as well in numbers as in character, of the most influential elements in American citizenship in every section of the country, while letters were received from over four hundred persons sympathizing with the object of the conference, but who were unable to attend it in person. The commercial organizations of more than twenty of our great cities, from the point of view of men engaged in transacting the world's business, have given their valuable support to the movement, while all the influential leaders of organized labor continue, as they have always been, ardent advocates of it.

Indeed, in every civilized country throughout the world this good cause is constantly growing in strength, for each country is daily becoming more weary of the heavy burdens—"and grievous to be borne"—which are imposed upon productive industry to meet the ever-augmenting expenditures for great military or great naval armaments.

"The International Parliamentary Union for the Promotion of Arbitration" now includes in its membership the names of leading members of every parliamentary body in Europe, and when it assembles at St. Louis during the present year it will

also represent the leading parliamentary bodies in America, and the results of its deliberations, therefore, cannot fail to be fruitful of great good. And the same is true of the International Peace Congress which meets in Boston next October.

For all the reasons which have been stated the friends of peace are to-day entitled to be more cheerful and to feel more hopeful than ever before, for all the signs point to the substitution, far sooner than was expected, of amity between nations in place of hostility, and it ought not to cause surprise if the treaty just signed between France and England leads to a like treaty at an early day between England and Russia,—and if so, other similar treaties will inevitably follow, conferring similar blessings.

Meanwhile, it is our duty to see that our own country does not fall behind in this beneficent movement. Our proper place is at the head of it, and we must not be so intent on swelling our military and naval expenditures and boasting of ourselves as “a world Power”—as if we had ever been anything else since the Declaration of Independence—as to endanger our leadership of the nations in the cause of peace, for it is the growing strength of that cause of which the Anglo-French treaty is such a happy augury.

WAYNE MAC VEAGH.

THE LETTERS OF LORD ACTON.

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

LORD ACTON was one of the most remarkable and most peculiar figures in the generation which is now beginning to pass away. He was also one of those whom his contemporaries least understood. Though never widely known to the English public—if, indeed, any one but a jockey or a cricketer can be said to be really widely known in modern England—his name had become familiar to cultivated society during the last twenty years of his life. Yet, he was little more than a name. People talked vaguely of his boundless learning or recalled the resistance which he, a devout Catholic layman, had organized in 1870 to the acceptance of the Vatican Decree of Papal Infallibility, or attributed to him an influence over Mr. Gladstone's opinions on ecclesiastical subjects. But hardly anybody really understood either the quality of his mind or the range of his attainments.

This volume* will go a long way, though not all the way, to explain him and to make him a living figure to his younger contemporaries. It contains a sketch of his life, prepared by the skilful pen of Mr. Herbert Paul, who knew him personally, and a collection of Letters addressed by him (mostly from abroad) during the years 1879 to 1886 to Miss Mary Gladstone (now Mrs. Henry Drew), second daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone. The biographical sketch is an excellent piece of work, clear, concise and vivid. In reading the life of a person with whom one has been intimate, one is often apt to say, "This is well done, and, if I had known the man less thoroughly, I might have thought it a lifelike portrait." No one who knew Lord Acton will make such a remark in this case. The biography does not tell everything about its subject that might have been told; nor will all

* Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone. Macmillan, 1904.

that it says find universal agreement. But it gives within its short compass a view of his character, an estimate of his gifts, and a statement of his position in political and ecclesiastical matters which is not only illuminative but just and true.

The main facts of his life may be set forth in a few words. Born at Naples in 1834, the son of an English father and a German mother, both of ancient lineage, he was educated in the Roman Catholic College at Oscott, near Birmingham, under Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman, and at Munich under the illustrious Dr. von Döllinger. He sat in the House of Commons for a few years, but thereafter lived mostly abroad, usually in Bavaria, where he had married a German lady, daughter of Count Arco Valley. For a time he edited the "Home and Foreign Review," an organ of Liberal Catholicism, which ultimately succumbed to the censure of Catholic authority, and he contributed largely to the "North British Review." In 1869 and 1870, he took an active part in stimulating, by his private influence and by his immense learning, the opposition which the more liberal part of the Roman Catholic Episcopate made to the proclamation at the Vatican Council of the doctrine of the infallibility (in matters of faith) of the Pope. This was the part of his career which brought him most into contact with the world of action; and it was followed by writings in which he defended the position of an orthodox Catholic who disapproved of that doctrine, yet refused to separate himself from the Church. In 1869, he received a peerage at the instance of Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister; and in 1892 he was appointed a Lord in Waiting in Mr. Gladstone's last administration. Selected in 1895 by Lord Rosebery to be Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, he lectured in that university until attacked by the malady of which he died in 1902. He wrote no large book, and never found time even to collect and republish the articles which he had contributed to various reviews, for the acquisition of knowledge was the passion of his life. Yet, constant as were his labors and vast the range of his reading, he moved much in the world, enjoyed society, watched every phase of contemporary politics with unflagging interest. Though never, except during the Vatican Council, an actor in great affairs, he was always close to them, an observant student of the history that made itself under his eyes, as well as of all that the last three or four centuries had seen.

A few passages may profitably be quoted from Mr. Paul's sketch, in order to convey to the reader a general impression of the man upon whose Letters I am going to comment.

"Lord Acton's spacious forehead, his deep sonorous voice, his piercing eyes and his air of vigilant repose, were the outward signs of genuine power in which the latent force behind is greater than anything the surface displays. He might well have sat to Titian for one of those ecclesiastical statesmen whose mingled strength and subtlety have attracted the admiring gaze of three hundred and fifty years."

"The force and originality of his conversation are reflected in and may be inferred from his epistolary style. In absolutely uncongenial company he would maintain the silence of the tomb. But, when there was any community of taste or subject, he shone equally as a talker and as a listener. It was not that he tried to shine. He did not aim at epigram and his humor was as spontaneous as it was delightful. He loved to stimulate conversation in others, and no man had more sympathy with a good thing which he had not said himself. He was entirely free from jealousy, vanity and egoism. A merciless intellectual critic he could hardly help being. He had so trained and furnished his mind that it rejected instinctively a sophism or a false pretence. He was the raciest and most stimulating of companions, with an instinctive perception for the true significance of a hint."

"He was never a bookworm. When he was in London he constantly dined out, and he corresponded freely with Continental friends. Few people were more agreeable in a country house. No one assumed more naturally the aspect of disengaged leisure, and it was possible to live in the same house with him for weeks without ever seeing him read. Even the frivolities of the world were not beneath his notice. He liked to know about marriages before they occurred. He was an excellent judge of cookery and of wine. Yet the passion of his life was reading."

"He cared little for poetry, for art, or for pure literature, the literature of style. Of physical science he knew only what most educated men know. But he was well versed in metaphysics, he was a deep theologian, and his knowledge of modern history was bounded only by the limits of the theme."

"He was observant of everything and he made up his mind about everything. But, except where supreme principles—Truth, Right, Toleration, Freedom—were in question, he was cautious in the expression of opinion, and he always preferred to leave action to others. . . . He could never have written anything which was not literature of a high order—dignified, incisive, vigorous; and yet history was to him not literature but political philosophy, not an interesting narrative but a scientific study of cause and effect."*

* This last quotation is from a letter by a distinguished Cambridge teacher, Dr. Henry Jackson of Trinity College.

I have thought over many collections of letters of famous men, from Cicero down to Cowper, Gibbon, Macaulay, William von Humboldt and Prosper Mérimée, without being able to find any quite like those of Lord Acton's. For one thing, they are, though uniform in the texture of the thought, singularly various in subject and in manner. Some are light and gossipy, playing with the incidents of the moment. Others are disquisitions, studies of character, or miniature treatises upon the weightiest questions. Others again are political reflections and counsels, suggested by current events, counsels which seem to have been intended for the father of the lady who received them, and which might, in several instances, have been highly profitable to him. To comprehend all of the allusions to these current events, a considerable knowledge of the years 1880-85 is needed; and, as not every one has a copy of the "Annual Register" at his elbow, it would be well, in a future edition, to add to the brief footnotes which the editor has appended a few more, sufficient to explain the circumstances under which Lord Acton delivered his opinions.

It has long been a commonplace to say that newspapers and the penny postage have destroyed English letter-writing. This correspondence justifies rather than discredits the remark, inasmuch as these Letters were, nearly all of them, written from a foreign country, where the writer could not gather from such newspapers as reached him what was passing behind the scenes. Moreover, while he felt the need of expressing himself, he was removed from the society to or in which he would naturally have expressed himself either orally or by short notes, instead of by these long epistles so full of various matter. They contain—and here of course I am referring to the political observations only—the reflections of one who is not in the middle of things, but looking at them from outside, with a full knowledge of most of the actors, but an imperfect knowledge of the momentary aspect of the problems changing from day to day, with which the actors have to deal. Hence, they are less valuable as materials for the future historian—*i.e.*, they tell us less about what was actually passing behind the scenes—than those other letters which Lord Acton, when in England, wrote to his nearest relatives and friends abroad, but which it is not at present intended to publish. Those who live to read these last-named letters will learn a good deal that is now known to very few. Here there is comparatively lit-

the revelation of secrets. Yet these reflections of a singularly acute and penetrating mind are full of interest, especially to those whose personal recollection can carry them back over the last twenty-five years. Acton is not always right in his judgment of men, overestimating, to take a recurring instance, not perhaps the abilities, but the practical capacity for diplomacy, of Sir Robert Morier. He does not always see in what direction the stream of tendency is running. He assumes, for instance, that Sir H. S. Maine's book against democratic government would be warmly welcomed by reactionaries in England, and would have political effect there, not realizing that the demerits of democratic government had in 1882 virtually ceased to be a live issue in England. Other minor errors might be mentioned. But he brings immense knowledge and profound thought to bear upon practical politics in a way so rare that I can recall no parallel to it within living memory. Tocqueville and Schérer, both of whom Acton admired, had not half of their admirer's learning. Neither had Cornwall Lewis, nor Molesworth; while Macaulay's mind, with all its vigor, was not at bottom philosophical. It is an unusual pleasure to find in these Letters a man who carries all modern history in his head applying himself to the question of Home Rule for Ireland, to the nature of the English party system (p. 199), to the remedies for Parliamentary obstruction (p. 67), to the capacity of the masses for sharing in the government of the country (pp. 90-96). Whether or not you agree with Lord Acton, you can never ignore his view; and seldom, indeed, does it happen that you do not learn something new, something worth remembering, from his way of illustrating or enforcing his opinion. He was extremely fond of copying out and preserving on slips of paper passages from the authors he read, which contained some statement he thought valuable; and, indeed, he spent far too much of his time in this practice, which might have been very proper in the days of the antediluvian patriarchs, or might be proper now for a man without original power but intelligent enough to know what is good. Whoever does resort to such a practice could not employ it better than on Acton's own compositions. Few writers better deserve to be so handled. On almost every page of these Letters there is some dictum, or some anecdote, or some phrase happily hitting off a character, which any one with the tenacity needed for keeping

a book of extracts might like to write down and remember. Though Acton's views have often a certain theoretic quality and a remoteness from the actual, they sometimes strike down to truths, cogent and practical truths, which the ordinary politician misses because he does not look at things in the light of a wide human experience. An instance is furnished by Acton's views on Ireland. He had, as far back as 1870 (p. 165), "ceased to be sanguine that the English could govern Ireland successfully"; and after 1880 he frequently advised Mr. Gladstone to consider the policy of granting some amount of self-government to Ireland and recognizing Irish national sentiment. He advised this when nearly all English politicians were of an opposite opinion; but it is worth remarking that his view was that of three out of the four most eminent English historians of the time, none of these three connected with Ireland, viz., J. R. Green, E. A. Freeman and S. R. Gardiner.*

He had no special connection with Ireland, though he had once sat in Parliament for a few years as member for the little borough of Carlow. His view was based partly on his passionate attachment to the principles of liberty in general, and his faith in the curative power of liberty, partly on his observation of the wholesome results which in modern Europe had followed from the recognition of the principle of nationality. He wrote me on this subject a letter, just after the Home Rule Bill of 1886 had been brought in, which stated that argument with even greater fulness and force than are assigned to it in the present volume: and from that conviction he never wavered, even after the defeat of the bills of 1886 and 1893.

Acton would have called himself a strong Liberal. But, in his attachment to party, as in everything else, he was singularly unlike the normal politician. He cared for doctrines most, for men less, for the corporate organization of a party least of all. The question of what party is and ought to be, had an intense fascination for him. He once told me that there was no subject (always excepting that History of Liberty, his "Madonna of the Future," on which he constantly thought and never wrote) which he so much desired to treat at full length. Here he gives us his

* By the fourth I, of course, mean Bishop Stubbs. He never wrote about politics; but, as a steady, quiet Tory, he was doubtless quite at variance with Acton's view.

view, expressed, as usual, in sentences which seem at first sight slightly inconsistent with one another, but were, to so subtle a mind, different sides of the same unity.

"Politics come nearer religion with me, a party is more like a church, error more like heresy, prejudice more like sin, than I find it to be with better men. And by these canons I am forced to think ill of Peel, to think, if you won't misunderstand me, that he was not a man of principle. The nature of Toryism is to be entangled in interests, traditions, necessities, difficulties, expedients; to manage us best one may without creating artificial obstacles in the shape of dogmas, or superfluous barriers of general principles. '*Périssent les colonies plutôt que les principes*' (which is a made-up sentence, no more authentic than '*Roma locuta est*') expresses the sort of thing Liberalism means and Toryism rejects. . . . But if party is sacred to me as a body of doctrine, it is not as an association of men bound together, not by common convictions, but by mutual obligations and engagements. In the life of every great man there is a point where fidelity to ideas, which are the justifying cause of party, diverges from fidelity to arrangements and understandings which are its machinery. And one expects a great man to sacrifice his friends—at least his friendship—to the higher cause" (pp. 199, 200).

Instructive as are Acton's comments on current events, and still more instructive as are the reflections into which those comments often run, most readers, and especially most American readers, will turn with keener interest to his remarks upon men and books. These have that outspoken freedom which belongs to a confidential correspondence, and may sometimes surprise the reader by their sweeping vigor. Writing without reserve, he is often trenchant yet never malignant. He was a discriminating judge, and an impartial judge, who did not suffer either his political or his religious proclivities to color his judgments. But he had, under a calm exterior and a guarded manner, a vein of passion which gave warmth and even fire to his deliverances, especially when any moral question was involved. The praise he bestows on Mr. Gladstone, the person most frequently referred to in the correspondence, may seem to be in some respects exaggerated. Yet no one had a keener eye for the deficiencies in the idol than this fervent admirer. He saw not only Mr. Gladstone's weak points in critical scholarship, as applied to the Bible or to Homer, but also the inner causes of his occasional mistakes in the conduct of public affairs. What fascinated him was the courage, the ardor, the sweep of intellectual view wherein his hero

rose above all his contemporaries. And if the language in which his admiration is expressed may appear now and then overstrained, it is to be remembered that where his feelings were aroused, Acton did sometimes allow himself the luxury of unqualified expression. There are other instances in this correspondence of what appears to be overstatement, because, though the praise, or the blame, may be deserved, only the one or the other is delivered, without the compensating opposite side of the case. The judgments passed on Mazzini and on Cardinal Newman, for instance, are evidently too severe, if taken alone. Had Acton been writing an estimate of the characters of these two men, that estimate would have left a quite different impression of his view as a whole. This undervaluing of Newman is not more strange than the inadequate appreciation of the political abilities of Lord Granville, whom Robert Lowe called the shrewdest of English statesmen, and on whose judgment Mr. Gladstone so greatly relied. Loyal, courageous and tactful, Lord Granville was a colleague whom his colleagues specially prized.

Here is a deliverance on Macaulay which does give both sides, but which most of us will think extravagant in its censure:

"Macaulay's Essays are really flashy and superficial. He was not above par in literary criticism; his Indian articles will not hold water; and his two most famous reviews, on Bacon and Ranke, show his incompetence. The Essays are only pleasant reading, and a key to half the prejudices of our age. It is the History, with one or two speeches, that is wonderful. He knew nothing respectably before the seventeenth century, he knew nothing of foreign history, of religion, philosophy, science or art. His account of debates has been thrown into the shade by Ranke; his account of diplomatic affairs by Klopp. He is, I am persuaded, grossly, basely, unfair. Read him, therefore, to find out how it comes that the most unsympathetic of critics can think him nearly the greatest of English writers" (p. 173).

The explanation of this harsh judgment of the Essays (a key to much in the literary manner of the last age as well as to half its prejudices), is to be found in Acton's dislike, or disgust, for Macaulay's broad, offhand way of dealing with large subjects the details of which he had not mastered. The doctrine that no one should write on a period in history till he had explored all its nooks and crannies by independent research, is a true doctrine which cannot be disputed, like the Apostle's direction, "Prove all things." But it is a counsel of perfection.

Acton once censured a writer, who, in dealing with an enormously large subject, had said that he would have described one episode more fully if he had been able to spend some months in reading the files of the San Francisco newspapers during several years. Unhappily, he practised what he preached; and we are all of us the poorer for it. Could he have been induced to throw off swiftly essays like Macaulay's out of the fulness of his knowledge, they would have been, if less brilliant in form, more precious to the learned world. But Acton would, in his later days, have spent at least a year in preparing himself to write on any one of the many subjects which he already knew far more thoroughly than any other Englishman.

Scattered here and there one finds not a few acute (and almost always just) characterizations of the people he met. Of Sir Bartle Frere we read:

"He is a strong, an able and a plausible man. It is true that his strength is akin to obstinacy and self-will, that he is rather too plausible, and that he will gain his ends by crooked paths when he has tried the straight in vain. He is a dangerous agent, but, I should think, a useful adviser. Indians are not generally a healthy element in the body politic, and he has the constant vice of Indians, belief in force. But he has a breadth of mind that is rare among them; and I have known people that hated him because he is so good" (p. 17).

What follows is of Tennyson:

"The Poet made a favorable impression on my ladies and children. He was not only a gracious Poet, but he told us lots of good stories, read aloud without pressure, walked repeatedly with M.,* and seemed interested in the books he carried to his room [a trait specially pleasing to Acton]. . . . There was a shell to crack, but I got at the kernel, chiefly at night when everybody was in bed. His want of reality, his habit of walking on the clouds, the airiness of his metaphysics, the indefiniteness of his knowledge, his neglect of transitions, the looseness of his political reasonings—all this made up an alarming *cheval de frise*. But then there was a gladness—not quickness—in taking a joke or story, a comic impatience of the external criticism of Taine and others found here, coupled with a simple dignity when reading ill-natured attacks, a grave groping for religious certainty, and a generosity in the treatment of rivals—of Browning and Swinburne, though not of Taylor—that helped me through."

Acton was not himself a great lover of poetry, nor did his imaginative equal his reflective gifts. For the same reason, per-

* Lord Acton's eldest daughter.

haps, he never professed to be a connoisseur in style, nor did he set a high value upon it. The excellence of his own was due to the energy, the subtlety and precision of his thought and to his natural wit, not to any effort to secure rhetorical effects. Indeed, he looked upon the allurements of rhetoric in composition as dangerous, tending to lead men away from the pursuit of pure truth, and perhaps to obscure moral distinctions. That distinctions lie at the bottom of everything is a doctrine curiously illustrated by the following characterization of the man whom, outside his own family, he probably loved most in the world:

"Serenity has grown on Döllinger with years, although they were years of conflict and of the great grief that men who do not live for themselves can feel for the cause they have lived for. Strength, too, though in a less degree, by reason of a vice that besets another great man. [He meant Mr. Gladstone.] From a sense of dignity and of charity he refuses to see all the evil there is in men; and, in order that his judgments may be always charitable, generous and leaning to the safer side, he is not always exact in definitions or rigorous in applying principles. He looks for the root of differences in speculative systems, in defect of knowledge, in everything but moral causes; and, if you had remained with us longer, you would have found out that this is a matter on which I am divided from him by a gulf almost too wide for sympathy."

The same view has much to do with Acton's unfavorable judgment of Thomas Carlyle:

"Excepting Froude, I think Carlyle the most detestable of historians.* The doctrine of heroes, the doctrine that Will is above Law, comes next in atrocity to the doctrine that the flag covers the goods, that the cause justifies its agents, which is what Froude lives for. Carlyle's robust mental independence is not the same thing as originality. . . . Germany gave him his most valuable faculty, that of standing aside from the current of contemporary English ideas, and looking at it from an Archimedean point, but it gave him no rule for judging, no test of truth, no definite conviction, no certain method and no sure conclusion. But he had historic grasp, which is a rare quality, some sympathy with things that are not evident, and a vague fluctuating notion of the work of impersonal forces. There is a flash of genius in 'Past and Present' and in the 'French Revolution,' though it is a wretched history. And he invented Oliver Cromwell. That is the positive result of him."

* Like the other historians of that generation, Acton had a low opinion of Froude; nor did charms of style mitigate his severity.

Lest it should be thought that Acton was always and everywhere a hanging judge, I will quote a few lines giving his opinion of the writer whom, among his contemporaries, he most admired. It will be seen that his admiration was at bottom that of a historian. What he valued was the power of getting into the mind and life of persons remote in time, or in place, or in social environment, and making them real and alive, so as to comprehend how their ideas worked in and through them.

“‘Middlemarch’ revealed to me, not only George Eliot’s grand serenity, but her superiority to some of the greatest writers. My life is spent in endless striving to make out the inner point of view, the *raison d’être*, the secret of fascination for powerful minds of systems of religion and philosophy, and of politics, the offspring of the others: and one finds that the deepest historians know how to display their origin and their defects, but do not know how to think or feel as men do who live in the grasp of the various systems. And if they sometimes do, it is from a sort of sympathy with the one or the other, which creates partiality and exclusiveness and antipathies. Poets are no better. Hugo fails . . . as Shakespeare fails ignobly with the Roman Plebs. George Eliot seemed to me capable not only of reading the diverse hearts of men but of creeping into their skin, watching the world through their eyes, feeling their latent background of conviction, discerning theory and habit, influences of thought and knowledge, of life and of descent, and having obtained this experience, recovering her independence, stripping off the borrowed shell, and exposing scientifically and impartially the soul of a Vestal, a Crusader, an Anabaptist, an Inquisitor, a Dervish, a Nihilist or a Cavalier, without attraction, preference or caricature. And each of them should say that she displayed him in his strength, that she gave rational form to motives he had imperfectly analyzed, that she laid bare features in his character he had never realized” (pp. 60, 61).

This vigorous piece of criticism has an interest beyond that of its subject. It throws light on Acton’s own conception of history. With all his passion for accuracy in details, with all his interest in speculation and in the world of abstractions, he was occupied, passionately occupied, above all things, in the effort to realize the soul of the past, the thoughts and emotions and beliefs of the men, whose past in events he was tracing. Not many historians have deliberately set themselves to this, which is the highest and most difficult part of their task. Few indeed have attained even a moderate success, and the success can only be moderate at best. It may, indeed, be plausibly argued that whoever should possess enough imagination to succeed in this side

of the historian's work would have too much imagination to permit him to apply that cautious and balanced criticism which the historian needs for other branches of his investigation. Acton never himself wrote any book in which he could have tried to carry out his own theory; unless, indeed, he should prove to have done so in the lectures on the French Revolution which he delivered at Cambridge, and which are before long to appear in print.

These Letters, though, as was observed in an earlier page, they throw a copious light on Lord Acton's gifts and opinions, do not solve all the problems his position suggests, and they may even be deemed to raise new problems. He was all his life a devout and devoted Catholic. That his friends knew; that the Letters show. But he expresses, not once, but repeatedly, not hastily, but deliberately, the most vehement condemnation of some things which he charges Rome—or at least the Popes—with having solemnly approved. The passages are too long to quote, but two sentences may serve as an sample:

“A speculative Ultramontanism, separate from theories of tyranny, mendacity and murder, keeping honestly clear of the Jesuit with his lies, of the Dominican with his faggots, of the Popes with their massacres, has not yet been brought to light. Döllinger, who thinks of nothing else, has never been able to define it, and I do not know how to distinguish a Vaticanist of that sort, a Vaticanist in a state of grace, from a Catholic” (p. 131).

Here again the fire of moral indignation breaks forth. A crime is to Acton none the less a crime because committed from a perverted sense of duty, or by a man who might in other parts of his life—like St. Charles Borromeo (to whose encouragement of murder the Letters return again and again)—be saintly. Nor does a crime excite his horror any the less because it was committed three or four centuries ago, when the so-called “moral standard” was different from our own.

Most of the remarks upon this topic come from a long discussion, running through several letters, of the merits of a book now almost forgotten which had considerable success in its time—Shorthouse's “John Inglesant.” Acton's criticisms on the book are a remarkable illustration of the range and minuteness of his learning. He discovers dozens of errors, some of them grave errors, errors in dates, errors in names, errors in the attribution of opinions to persons, very few of which a normally well-educated

reader would have detected ; and he seems to do this without any research, out of the fulness of his own personal knowledge, which was, I feel certain, no greater for the seventeenth century than it was for the sixteenth or the eighteenth.

The book leaves three impressions on the reader's mind. The first is that of this amazing exuberance of knowledge, ready to gush out at a moment's notice, a knowledge not merely of books, but of what is in books, a knowledge arranged, tested by critical methods, carefully digested, capable of being applied whenever and wherever it is wanted.

The second is that of the writer's wit. Acton sometimes failed to see the humorous side of things. Perhaps he was too serious, or too much absorbed in the hunt for explanations. "*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*" might have been his motto. But he had a real faculty for expressing a truth, or an aspect of a truth, in the most pointed and polished form. These Letters sparkle with good things, though it is hard to detach them from their context for the purpose of quotation. The gem cannot be cut out of its matrix without suffering in the process.

The third impression is that of an intellect as untiring as it was powerful. When one met Acton in society, or stayed in the same house with him, he did not strike one as specially restless, but seemed able to take the world easily like other people. But here we see his mind incessantly at work, fastening upon everything he sees or hears as well as everything he reads, constantly striving to pierce below the surface to comprehend, to formulate. Mr. Gladstone led a wonderfully laborious life, but the sum of his thinking in the twenty-four hours of each day was not as large as Acton's. It is the unslakable curiosity that is here disclosed, the high voltage (if one may borrow a metaphor from the electricians) at which this eager active mind was ceaselessly working, that excites our interest and our wonder even more than does the volume of its garnered stores of learning.

JAMES BRYCE.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN THIBET.

BY OSCAR T. CROSBY.

“Ici il n’y a pas de Chinois!
Il n’y a que les Russes!”

THIS was the vigorous answer made last August by a vigorous Russian officer to whom as toast-master I had proposed the health of the Chinese—our common hosts—for we were in Kashgar, one of the three most important cities of Chinese Turkestan. In a later, and calmer, conversation the same gentleman, an accomplished military student, utterly disclaimed as impracticable, any idea that the Great Bear should climb the Kuen-Lun Mountains to put his paw on the high deserts and distant valleys of Thibet. In this confident assumption as to a future “benevolent assimilation” by Russia of all Chinese Turkestan, and in the reasonable disclaimer as to Russian designs in Thibet, we have the key to the Central-Asian question which may soon be heard echoing over the European world from the sequestered mountains that lie in the heart of the mother Continent. Indeed, even now, in the staccato accounts of Col. Younghusband’s rifles, we hear the usual spirited opening of the argument which civilization makes with those who ask only one thing of the world—namely, an independent isolation. Let us endeavor to outline something of those vast regions whose political destinies are now about to be changed. Follow me for a moment as in slippered ease we retrace the stages of a journey from which I have just returned. Start at the Caspian Sea; thence we go eastward, by the Trans-Caspian Railway, over the great Turkoman deserts—passing Bokhara, and the once glorious Samarcand on to Andijan terminus of the southeastern branch of this railway. Here, after twelve hundred miles of sleeping-car discomfort we take caravan for Kashgar—southeastward still—and about three

hundred miles away in Chinese Turkestan. The frontier is at the foot of the Altai Mountains, which we cross at the Taldyk Pass—1200 feet high. From that elevation, were our eyes telescopic, we might see the wide-stretching sands of Turkestan verging far to the northeast, touching there the Mongolian borders; straight-away east are the western confines of China proper; while to the south of Turkestan are the glistening tops of the Kuen-Lun Range—Thibet's northern barrier. Descending to the level of the Taklakaman desert, we ride comfortably enough through Kashgar, Yarkand, and Khotan—big towns, each of them the seats of Chinese Governors and centres of a Turki population aggregating about one million people. From Kashgar to Khotan we have made about three hundred miles—for the most part desert—but partly across the artificial oases which irrigation ditches have circled. Now another hundred miles—still southeastward, and we reach Polu; here we climb with infinite trouble and constant danger to the Thibetan plateau, lying south of the frowning mountains. Now one may travel, eastward, southeastward, or southwestward—everywhere fatal wastes of desert; no altitude less than the top of Mount Blanc, until one reaches the vicinity of Lhasa, five or six hundred miles away; or of Ladakh Leh, four hundred miles southwestward.

We need not go farther just now in following the painful steps of our caravan, whose route is marked only by the skeletons of our horses, untimely dead. Let us glance far to the southeastward. Up from Darjeeling, over intervening barriers of the Himalayas, down to an elevation of about 13,000 feet we see the British-Indian column. It is going to make a call on the Dalai Lama—uninvited. The blue books say that this arduous and expensive effort on the part of the Calcutta government is made to teach the Thibetans a salutary lesson in politeness, made necessary, it is claimed, by the willful failure of the Dalai Lama to send representatives to an agreed rendezvous with British representatives. They also say that trade between Nepal (an "independent" but protected state) and Thibet, has been hampered, contrary to treaty stipulations. They also express surprise and irritation because the Dalai Lama, while refusing relations with the Indian government, has recently sent presents to the Czar of Russia through the intermediary of a Russian subject, one of the Bhuriyat people, near Lake Baikal, who recognize the Dalai

Lama as their spiritual head. In this last complaint we have, I think, a hint as to the real reasons inducing Lord Curzon to spend a large sum of money and possibly some lives in forcing a way into the inhabited portion of Thibet. Indeed the London "Times" in a recent article defending the government against the charge of wasteful and hasty action—admittedly so, if due only to the first two causes above-mentioned—roundly states that the expedition means much more than the correction of unimportant misbehavior on the part of Thibet—that it means the final, definite closing of avenues for Russian interference in that country. And yet later a careful writer in the "Fortnightly Review," adopting fully the "Times'" attitude, goes logically further; and states that the British column must not stop short of the gates of Lhassa and must not return without leaving a proper force behind, together with a capable resident, whom indeed the writer at once nominates in the person of Mr. MacCartney who has long represented Great Britain at Kashgar.

The two articles here cited fairly represent also the views expressed to me by a number of frank Britishers whom I met, all the way from Ladakh Leh to London.

The authorities in India and in England were either sincerely afraid of the early establishment of Russian preponderating influence in Lhassa, or considered the gift-making episode a sufficient explanation to the Little-Englander element for another step in the fated march of the strong against the weak. That the Czar's government ever seriously contemplated the establishment of armed force in Lhassa, I do not at all believe. The physical difficulties are enormous—insuperable perhaps. To reach Thibet from any Russian territory means to bring troops over vast deserts, one great one at a moderate elevation, say 4,000 feet; the other at a very great elevation, say 16,000 feet, and to climb many resisting mountains. It means also to make most of this march across Chinese territory. But let us even suppose Chinese Turkestan to have fallen to Russia, as I believe it will. Suppose Russian troops at Kashgar—not merely the 60 Cossacks now there as a consular guard, but enough to meet the opposition of Great Britain, which must be assumed in considering an advance against Lhassa; it is my belief that no such army could make its way across the Thibetan plateau whose rigors I have just experienced, and which have rendered perilous every journey even of the small

and specially equipped caravans that have made the attempt. On the other hand approach from Darjeeling is relatively easy, say fifteen days good march to Lhasa, only a small part of which is in extremely high and barren territory. In other words, just as Chinese Turkestan lies in the power of Russia, so Thibet lies in the power of England, and between the inhabited regions of both countries are found dreadful deserts and titanic mountains, proper bulwark and barrier between two great, rival empires. This view was expressed by me in a paper recently read before the Royal Geographical Society, and though political discussion, in such presence is properly limited, yet Sir Clements Markham, president of the society, expressed complete agreement with the proposition that no fear need be entertained of movement from the north upon the cultivated area of Thibet which lies near the southern borders, the rest being mere valueless waste.

The practical destruction of Thibetan independence, which may be assumed as the object of the present Younghusband expedition, will serve Russia admirably, as authorizing the easy conquest of Chinese Turkestan. For such is the accepted code of balances generally adopted by the nations who believe themselves commissioned to benevolently assimilate certain other nations. Indeed, except for her present preoccupation in another part of the Chinese Empire, the consular guard might at any moment be put to the easy task of seizing the reins of government now in the hands of the quiet, dignified, philosophical Chinese officials, who, alas! have somewhat outgrown that simple faith in Force which controls the policies of Christian nations. The easy-going Turki people, natives of the soil, accustomed to be mastered, will doubtless be indifferent to the change, perhaps even hopeful. Already they feel that the Russian Consul-General largely influences the acts of the Chinese Taotai.

Recognizing then that the *status quo* is now being rudely shaken in Thibet, and may at any time be destroyed in Turkestan, let us note that in both cases there will result a partial disintegration of the Chinese Empire, for whose integrity the world may well be concerned. In neither case is the territory now considered a part of any of the eighteen provinces constituting China proper, but in one case the administration of all public affairs is directly in the hands of men named in Peking, and in the other the suzerainty of China is distinctly recognized in the presence

of three Ambans residing in Lhasa and exercising preponderating influence in all important matters. If, however, the encroachments from this direction could be guaranteed to be arrested at the frontier, separating China proper from Turkestan on the one hand, and Thibet on the other, the world-at-large—wisely shirking the moral questions, because all have sinned alike—might be content to exhibit only the interest of curiosity in the changes now working in the heart of Asia. But can such an arrest be possible as against the compelling rivalry of two great, forceful, belligerent empires? They will each have long frontier lines at the back door of China. In each case the controlled territory has intimate relations with China proper. A hundred petty questions some large ones, will arise, each capable of being developed into a cause of complaint. Complaints against China when made by the peoples of iron and fire are usually satisfied by taking something from China, unless objection be made by some yet stronger nation of iron and fire. Quite independent of any plan looking thereto, even against their vague plans of moderation, the jealous rivals may find themselves driven on to continued aggressions. And these jealousies will thus operate in a theatre so remote from the world's success that gravest injuries might be inflicted upon the peace-loving celestials long before such injuries could be known to friendly critics, ourselves for instance, who insist that no harm shall be done to China which may do harm to us.

This, then, is but a word of caution. There is no room for cant or self-righteousness on the part of any nation. We have all been made sordid. What we call progress has self-interest as its mainspring. To prevent surprises and recriminations it is best that there should be no misunderstanding. European and American diplomats in China should now endeavor to watch the back door as well as the front door of the great mansion which all desire to enter. My prayer is that our quarrels may not urge us to do unmeasured violence to a great, civilized, non-military people.

Let us recognize the sweet reasonableness of British control in Thibet, but let us not at the same time echo the conventional cry that only the Russians are aggressors upon Chinese integrity. Let us remember that the policy of isolation now being attacked is not peculiarly that of the Thibetans, but more particularly that of the suzerain power—China. When Father Hue was ex-

pelled from Lhasa nearly sixty years ago, it was due to Chinese authority. The Thibetans were most friendly—knowing not the danger of contact with European peoples. But the Chinese had just suffered humiliation in the opium war; and, because of their defenceless ocean front, have continued to be insulted by the peoples who have ships and guns for killing people, and goods to sell to those who are spared. It has been impossible for the “Elder Brother” to keep his own house from being entered, but he advises—perhaps commands, the Younger Brother, to preserve himself and his people from the violent westerner. So it has come about that even hospitality toward individual travellers has been refused. And have not the Thibetans now sadly learned that wisdom lay in *complete* non-intercourse? Is it not pitiful to think that these poor people are now being slaughtered because their young ruler—too progressive—laid aside the safe traditions, when, yielding to the solicitation of a co-religionist from the Far North, he sent presents to a ruler vaguely known to him only as one whose dominions sheltered some of the faithful? Kalmuks on the Volga, Bhuriyats on Lake Baikal, Thibetans in Ladakh—all these are sheep of the spiritual flock of the Dalai Lama. This ignorant but well-meaning man may have had no other thought than the good of his flock when he sent gifts to Petersburg. He could not have known that he was sending away the independence of his people.

He has trusted vainly to the gods who have been immemorially prayed to to defeat some ever-feared enemy from the south by pouring upon him the fatal snows of the Himalayas. The enemy of to-day is one yet more cunning than the mountain gods. He shall assume this rôle of Protector, and his government, in the end shall be one of Peace and Justice—Peace founded on bloody war—Justice founded on what seems a cruel wrong. But these words—Justice, right, wrong—we know not their meanings which are hid in the bosom of Omniscience.

OSCAR T. CROSBY.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

AGAINST the inroads of materialistic science, the upholders of spiritual life struggle to assert the immortality of the soul. In the phrase, "immortality of the soul," both terms require qualification. Immortality, if taken to mean conscious existence without end, is inconceivable. The attempt to conceive it ends in mental vertigo. The term is too familiar to be supplanted, but it must be taken to mean no more than continuance of existence after death. The soul, again, must be taken to mean, not a specially created being separate from the body in which it is enclosed and from which it is by death set free, but the spiritual outcome and completion of our general frame, that which forms our conscious personality.

Those who feel assured that they have sufficient historical evidence of the resurrection of Christ, of the raising of Lazarus and Jairus's daughter, and of the apparition of the dead in the streets of Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion, are independent of scientific or speculative proof, which at most can only serve to afford them confirmation of their belief. There is nothing inconceivable, however much there may be contrary to experience, in a miraculous immunity from death.

It may be safely assumed that the belief of those who do not find this historical evidence sufficient must rest wholly on reason. We have no ocular proof. No one has yet come back from the other world, or given any sign of his existence after death. Ghost-stories may still be told. The writer not long ago fell in with an intelligent and highly educated man, a Catholic priest, who believed in an apparition, and even seemed to find in it a strong support of his faith. But it was difficult to listen with gravity to him. We look for dignity in the manifestations of the spirit world.

Spiritualism, which, it should be remembered, began in table-turning, must surely by this time have succumbed to multiplied exposure. What the writer has seen of it has been so palpably terrestrial that exposure was hardly needed. Besides, proof is not even tendered of the existence of disembodied spirits, since the spirits have to materialize—in other words, to resume their bodies—before they can make their presence known. We crave for the renewal of communion with those whom we have loved and lost. This apparently is the main cause of such success as Spiritualism has had. It is a not inconsiderable, while it is a most natural and amiable, element of our general attachment to the belief in the immortality of the soul. Professional mediums have not failed to cater to it. The chief of them in his day was made by the British Court of Chancery to refund a large sum of money which he had obtained from an old lady by personating the spirit of her deceased husband.

When the supernatural is in question we must be prepared for honest credulity. We must also be prepared for the influence of hysteria, of which there is probably abundant proof at Lourdes and Ste. Anne Beaupré. Fifty years ago there was a controversy about the Estatica and the Addolorata, two female devotees in the Tyrol, one of whom, the Addolorata, it was pretended, had the *stigmata*, while the Estatica was said to be miraculously raised from the ground in prayer. One of the lay leaders of English Catholicism, a man of intellect, upheld the reality of the miracles. The writer happened to allude to them in print as a probable case of hysteria. Thereupon he received a visit from a friend, a man whose evidence in any ordinary case would have been first rate, and who declared that he and two other persons, known to the writer, and whose testimony in any ordinary case would have likewise been first rate, had actually witnessed the miracles, and had seen the blood run upward on the Addolorata's forehead. Two of the three persons so testifying afterwards joined the Church of Rome. The miracles in the end collapsed and took their place among recognized cases of self-delusion.

An eclipse of religious belief, such as the world is at present undergoing, seems to be a natural time for the prevalence of spiritual impostures, in which minds unwilling to part with the supernatural find compensation for the loss of their religious faith. So it was in the decadence of ancient religion, which was

marked by the appearance of such pretenders as Apollonius of Tyana, and by the mystical and probably hysterical worship of Isis. So it was in the decadence of the medieval faith at the period of the Renaissance, when astrology was the rage, and took possession of minds so practical as that of Wallenstein and so scientific as that of Kepler. Astrology and palmistry are strangely prevalent at the present day. Three establishments of palmistry were to be seen in one city.

If we have no respectable assurance of the immortality of the soul from the evidence of our senses, what assurance have we from our reason? Is the belief innate and intuitive? Is it in such a sense innate and intuitive that we may assume it to have been implanted by the Author of our nature? Its absence in the lowest savages might perhaps be ascribed to degradation. But nothing can be more certain than that the Hebrews, neither intellectually nor morally degraded, were devoid, down to a late period of their history and literature, of any such belief.

From the Pharisees the doctrine of the resurrection was transmitted to the Founder of Christianity. Jesus used it, and the imagery of the Judgment Day, with awful force for exhortation. But as a teacher he did nothing specially to confirm us in the belief, nor did he do anything to clear up the mystery. He can hardly be said even to proclaim the doctrine with the dogmatic distinctness which, considering its vital and fundamental character, might have been expected. He does not attempt to solve the physical difficulties of the resurrection, nor does he satisfy our natural cravings for knowledge about the other world, though in answer to a cavil he says that in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage. The apologue of Dives and Lazarus, manifestly fictitious and almost fantastic, is an indication that its author was charged with no revelation of the secrets of the world beyond the grave.

From the Founder of Christianity the doctrine descended to the Church in the form which he had given it, that of a Day of Judgment which would divide the good from the wicked, the good going into eternal bliss, the wicked into eternal fire, with all the difficulties inherent in such a doctrine—that of gathering together the dispersed particles of the bodies of the dead, many of them incorporated in other bodies; that connected with the case of the heathen who had never known the true God; those connected with

the cases of infants, idiots, and savages; above all, the difficulty of drawing a sharp line between the good and the wicked, when human characters vary so much from time to time, and run so much into each other as to make it apparently impossible to draw anything like a line of moral bisection.

St. Paul, both as a Pharisee and as a Christian, would accept the doctrine of the resurrection. He fervently embraced it, and tried to elucidate it by comparison with what he supposed to be the death and revival of a seed, taking for death that which is really germination. And this belief was coupled with belief in the immediate coming of Christ to open the graves and translate the saints to heaven.

Thus came down to the medieval Church her ideas of the opening of the graves at the last day, of the Judgment, of the abode of bliss for the true believers and the good, of eternal fire for the heathen, the heretic, and the wicked.

Of the philosophers of antiquity, the one who, so far as we know, most seriously accepted and upheld the immortality of the soul was Socrates. We are pretty sure that it is Socrates himself, not only Plato, who speaks in the *Phædo*, because the doctrine is put forward by his other disciple, Xenophon, at the close of the *Cyropædia*. A pathetic interest and a certain moral force attach to arguments used by the great teacher to his sorrowing disciples when he is about to drink the hemlock. But for us they have little or no validity. Socrates takes the soul for a being separate from the body, imprisoned during life in the body and released by death. He believes in its pre-existence as well as in its future existence. He regards its immortality as the consequence of its connection with certain ideas which he takes to be objective realities, whereas they are ideas and nothing more. His notion of the relation of the soul to the body, curiously enough, is confuted on the spot by one of his hearers, who reminds him that though the tune is a different thing from the harp, when the harp is broken up the tune is at an end.

Bishop Butler opens his *Dissertation on Natural Religion* with an *Essay on Future Life*, which he justly says "is the foundation of all our hopes and of all our fears, of all our hopes and fears at least which are of any consideration." He was a man of first-rate intellectual power, thoroughly loyal to truth, to which he bravely says that reason is our only guide, and

as open-minded as it was possible for the bishop of a state Church to be. But he wrote a century before Darwin, and he approached his subject not as an original inquirer, but as a defender of the doctrine of his Church. He, like Socrates, and like apologists in general, takes the soul to be something independent of the body, and therefore presumably capable of surviving it. "Nothing," he says, "is more certain than that the reason of the thing shows us no connection between death and the destruction of living agents. Nor can we find anything throughout the whole analogy of nature to afford us even the slightest presumption that animals ever lose their living powers; much less, if it were possible, that they lose them by death: for we have no faculties wherewith to trace any beyond or through it, so as to see what becomes of them. This even removes them from our view. It destroys the sensible proof, which we had before their death, of their being possessed of living powers, but does not appear to afford the least reason to believe that they are, then, or by that event, deprived of them."* "All presumption of death's being the destruction of living beings," Butler says, "must go upon the supposition that they are compounded; and so, discernible."† The whole argument proceeds upon the assumption that "our gross organized bodies with which we perceive the objects of sense, and with which we act, are no part of ourselves, and therefore we have no reason to believe their destruction to be ours." With that assumption, which we now know to be baseless, Bishop Butler's whole argument falls to the ground.

The general attitude of apologists has been greatly changed since the discovery of evolution, which, having at first combated it, they are now rather freely adopting, some of them even making the Deity, in His revelation of Himself to man, obey a supreme law which requires Him to accommodate Himself to the stages of progressive morality. A recent writer of eminence, for the theory of universal immortality, which has hitherto been that of Christendom, substitutes that of evolutionary immortality, limiting future life to the choicest and most advanced specimens of humanity. He thus, as he thinks, gets rid of the difficulty which attends the doctrine from its application to human beings whose character when they die is undeveloped or evil, and at the same

* *Analogy of Religion*, Part I., chap. i.

† *Ib.*

time of the ecclesiastical hell. But his hypothesis, with deference be it said, in the first place is totally incapable of verification; in the second place, it involves an enormous waste of living and sentient beings; and, in the third place, it exhibits Providence in the curious position of having to wait for Darwin's theory before it could make known to man its ways and intentions about that which Butler calls "the foundation of all our hopes and of all our fears." Is this God who can operate only upon the Darwinian hypothesis, really anything more than the Darwinian hypothesis itself seated on the throne of the universe?

Mill, in his later writings, perhaps from the awakening of his own emotional nature, though he remains a free-thinker, and criticises theism in all its forms, seems to have somewhat softened on religious questions. He says that there is in science no evidence against the immortality of the soul, saving that negative evidence which consists in the absence of evidence in its favor; an admission, however, which does not practically amount to much, since the complete absence of confirmatory evidence is surely enough fatally to suspend if it does not in such a case actually repel belief. Absence of evidence in favor of the existence of a God would surely be the death of religion. Mill has a passage, almost rapturously applauded by so powerful a thinker as Fitz-James Stephen, and therefore certainly worthy of attention, in which he undertakes to prove that the relation of thought to a material brain is no metaphysical necessity; that thought consequently may survive the brain; and "that the same thoughts, emotions, volitions, and even sensations which we have here, may persist or recommence somewhere else under other conditions, just as we may suppose that other thoughts and sensations may exist under other conditions in other parts of the universe."* That thought may in a certain sense survive its original organ, Mill might see whenever he took up a book the author of which was dead. But surely it is difficult to imagine how conscious personality can survive the person; still more how we can be warranted in assuming, without positive evidence of any kind, that it does so survive. We want for that "which is the foundation of all our hopes and of all our fears" not only a surmise of possibility, but conclusive proof of the fact.

It is impossible, since Darwin's discoveries, to uphold anything

* *Three Essays on Religion*. "Theism."

dependent on the belief that man is a creature apart from the other animals, with a special soul infused into him by his Creator. It has been overwhelmingly demonstrated that man's bodily frame, and his soul as its outcome and perfection, have been produced by a process of evolution from lower forms of animal, it may be of vegetable, life. Not that this discovery vitally affects the question of man's spiritual nature or hopes. It was known before that the human frame, bodily, intellectual and moral, was developed from an unconscious embryo which at some stage of its existence became a living soul; at what stage, could make no difference in the ultimate development or in anything dependent thereon. We are what we are, whatever our genesis may have been.

Apologists have made a point of the failure of science hitherto to discover the origin of life. But we cannot be sure that the discovery will not in time be made. At all events, the origin is not likely to be supernatural, when the development, through all its stages, is natural. Life, moreover, is the same in the worm as in the man. It would be a poor hope of immortality which should in any measure rest upon our present ignorance of the origin of life.

Faith, on which some still rest, is individual, and has only individual sensation or experience to support it. The individual it may support and console. But there its efficacy ends. Moreover, the objects of St. Paul's faith, be it observed, are not things unproved or disproved, but things unseen.

The conclusion appears to be that our hope of a future life which shall justify and reward righteousness, compensate undeserved suffering, fulfil our spiritual hopes and vindicate the constitution of the universe, rests on our belief in a Supreme Being, just, benevolent, caring for us as His children, intending and indicating through our nature that it is His intention to raise us from the dust. But belief in such a Being is now rudely challenged by the Agnostic and the Monist. "When," they ask, and "how has this Supreme Being manifested Himself to man? Of what have we any experience or evidence except the course of nature, which with all its immensities and marvels appears to be fortuitous and blind? What proof does this dwelling of ours, with its glacial epochs, its volcanic eruptions, its earthquakes, its droughts, and its deserts, or the sidereal universe such as astron-

omy reveals it, present of a directing intelligence? Does the enormous waste of lives, animal and human, attended as it is with an infinity of suffering, bespeak either supreme wisdom or perfect benevolence? Can that be omnipotence which, to attain its end, finds it necessary to have recourse to such means, or indeed to any means whatever beyond its own fiat?"

When we come to deal with such ideas as eternity, infinity and necessity, it is easy for the adversary to confuse our minds and make us feel that all our conceptions are self-contradictory and futile. This has been done with singular force and mastery of the subject by a recent writer, who nevertheless concludes by pronouncing that as beliefs in a God, in free will, and the future life are indispensable to the perfection of character, they must be true; a summary mode of reasoning, with a postulate which the Agnostic and Monist would vehemently refuse to endorse. Would it be possible that our character should be sustained and elevated by the effort morally to retain beliefs which we knew that reason and science had intellectually overthrown?

On the other hand, there are some tendencies and features of our nature to be considered which, though they are very far from being conclusive proofs of the immortality of the soul, seem to point to something beyond our present sphere and state of existence. That there is nothing beyond our present sphere and state of existence we have apparently no reason to assume. Nor are we warranted in supposing that the universe presented to our bodily senses, even when they are aided by the telescope, the microscope, and the calculus, is the full reality of Being. It may well be that we see as little of the full reality of Being as the purblind mole sees of the world discerned by us through our bodily senses.

Man is manifestly unlike other animals, and superior to them, in that, whereas they remain stationary, he advances, and apparently will continue to advance in the future. Bees, ants and beavers do show an intelligence remarkable in its way; so remarkable that a fervent admirer of the beehive is inclined to present its corporate intelligence as a rival to the intelligence of man. But the beehive of the Egyptian monuments is the beehive of the present day.

If man were merely an animal, he would in one most important respect be the most unhappy of animals, for in his nature alone there is a conflict; he alone has to struggle against moral evil;

he alone feels the stings of conscience. Other animals seek their food with perfect simplicity of instinct, and kill their fellows for food without compunction or remorse.

Man, at least in his higher development, aspires to a spiritual perfection of character which seems beyond anything enforced or impressed by regard for the circumstances, material or social, of his present life. Moreover, all men, all civilized men at least, are capable of imagining, and do sometimes paint to themselves, states of existence higher than that in which they are. It is not affirmed that realities correspond to these ideals; but idealization is a fact of human nature, and one which we have no reason to suppose that any other animals share.

The very name of free will has been made repulsive by the metaphysical puzzles and attempts to solve those puzzles in which it has been involved. But is not Necessarianism, after all, merely a mental puzzle? Achilles does overtake the tortoise; though in that case there is a mathematical solution, whereas in this case there is none. Man is conscious of a power of choice, upon which his responsibility depends, and the existence of which he assumes in his fellows when he holds them responsible for their conduct to him. Not that his volition operates in a vacuum. It must always have its antecedents. The exact relation between the antecedents and the ultimate volition eludes our apprehension and will probably never be expressed. It is of course possible that our minutest actions and those which seem least material, such as our assent to religious doctrines, and our poetic compositions, may have been determined in the cosmogonic nebula; the hypothesis to which, in fact, Necessarianism apparently must come. But unless our nature lies to us, we have liberty of choice with responsibility attached to it; and if our nature lies to us, philosophy may as well spare its pains. Whence did the notion of moral freedom find its way into our minds, if we had no more of the thing than has a stock or a stone? Is there not something ludicrous in the idea of an automaton automatically convinced of its own automatism after automatically fancying itself a free agent? It may be said that in the lower animals there may be perceived a certain sense of responsibility. That on the present hypothesis does not vitiate the argument as regards man. It is not likely that the animal's choice or its sense of responsibility is moral. A hunter that has refused a leap, or a pointer that has

run into game, fears his master's wrath, not an injury to his moral being.

We have in this inquiry to keep our minds clear of theistic prepossessions. We have also to keep them clear of ultra-materialistic prepossessions, such as surely are discernible in Haeckel.

However, it would seem that we have come practically to a point at which, Evolution and the Higher Criticism having between them done the work of demolition, and the work of reconstruction, if it is ever to be done, being still in the future, no small part of educated mankind has renounced or is gradually renouncing the hope of a future life and acting on the belief that death ends all. In countries where education is general, new opinions sometimes spread fast, like a tide running in over a flat, and it would not be surprising if in this case the collapse were to be rapid. Even the pulpits seem to recognize a marked increase of the relative importance of the present life.

It can hardly be doubted that Bishop Butler, as a defender of religion, is right in assigning, as he does, the place of paramount and vital importance to belief in a future state. Without that belief religion as it now is would in all probability fall.

Mill proposes, in place of theistic religion, a religion of Humanity, the idea of which he has evidently borrowed from Comte. This, he thinks, will be a sufficient, perhaps more than a sufficient, substitute for theism. Enthusiastic devotion to humanity in itself is conceivable; but how can you have a religion without a God?

The Founder of Christendom taught the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. On what does the universal brotherhood of man rest, if not on the universal fatherhood of God? Is there among all the different tribes of men any bond of unity, or even of common origin, so assured as to constitute a fraternal relation? Certain it is that a failure of practical belief in the fatherhood of God has been accompanied by a burst of disregard, even of contempt, for the brotherhood of man. Jingoism, which seems everywhere to be spreading, is an open defiance of humanity. It tramples under foot, in its thirst of expansion, the restraints of the Christian code. It is accompanied and partly fed by a thirst of gain, turning the commercial world into a battle-field, which had hitherto been in some measure balanced and repressed by spiritual interests and aspirations.

Darwin assumes that conscience is merely the individual index of general opinion. Surely in the case of religious men and nations it has been something more. It has sustained the martyr against the overwhelming preponderance of general opinion, and is constantly sustaining men of independent mind against the dominant opinion of the hour. Its authority has been that of a monitor empowered to hold out the prospect of reward to him who did well and of punishment to those who did evil irrespectively of the judgments and awards of this present world. Men have died happy in its promises who have been happy in nothing besides. Men have been tortured by its pangs who in all material things have been happy. It appealed to a power above that of this world, and based its promises and threats on the assurance of a life to come.

Take away the religious conscience, and what remains? Enough remains no doubt to hold society together. There will still be the rules which the community makes for self-preservation and embodies in municipal law. There will still be the policeman and the judge. There will still be social influences and restrictions of all kinds, which may hereafter take the more definite and impressive form of Social Science. Besides these, there will be affection, conjugal, parental, and general. There will be friendship; there will be the need and desire of the good opinion of fellow-men. In the character and minds of men of the higher class there will be general benevolence and love of their kind. But what will there be to restrain evil natures, such as will probably continue to exist, from gratifying their propensities, if they can evade or overcome human law during their lives and there is nothing to be feared beyond—if at the end of life there is to be no difference between the condition of the best man and that of the worst? That is a question which not only may present itself, but perhaps is presenting itself, though in forms less antisocial than that here supposed, to men who have cast off belief in future retribution. Social Science may be able to fill the void left by religion. If it is, let it do this with all speed.

A general contraction of views to the man's own life must apparently be the consequence of the conviction that this life is all. A man of sense will probably be inclined to let reforms alone, and to consider how he may best go through the brief journey of life with comfort, if possible with enjoyment to himself, and in

pleasant intercourse with his fellow-men. High social or political aspirations, or high aspirations of any kind, will hardly survive the disillusion.

We have an interest in our own children. But otherwise what interest have we in the generations that are to come after us on which a religion of Humanity can be founded? It is not a very lively interest that we feel even in the remoter members of the human race, to say nothing of those in the next street. Yet these exist; and of their existence we are conscious, and are reminded by the electric cable. Of the existence of future generations, supposing there is no future life, we shall not be conscious, and therefore for us they will not exist. We cannot even say with absolute certainty that they will exist at all. The end of man's dwelling-place and therefore of all human progress, science tells us, will be a physical catastrophe; and there are even those who seem to think that this catastrophe may be forestalled by a recurrence of the glacial era. Natural law, which science bids us venerate, departs, it must be remembered, with the Lawgiver. Nothing remains but physical forces without a guiding mind, the play of which it is impossible to forecast. As to posthumous fame, it would be an arrant delusion, even if one man in a million could hope to obtain it.

Whatever conduces to the enjoyment and prolongation of this life will probably be sought more energetically than before. Material progress, therefore, may quicken its pace. Nor is it likely that men will be quite so ready as they are now to throw away their lives in war. At present the soldier in facing death is probably sustained by a notion, however dim and vague, of a reward for the performance of his duty.

It can hardly be doubted that hope of compensation in a future state, for a short measure of happiness here, though it may have been somewhat dim, has materially helped to reconcile the less favored members of the community to the inequalities of the existing order of things. The vanishing of that hope can scarcely fail to be followed in the future by an increased impatience of inequality, and a growing determination not to be put off the indemnity to another world. In fact, this is already visible in the spirit and language of labor agitation. Serious problems of this kind seem to wait the coming generation.

It would not be surprising if in this dissolution of the ancient

faith and failure of familiar supports, there were to be a partial reaction in favor of churches which, like the Roman Catholic or the Eastern Church, can pretend to offer the assurance of authority and to still the disquieting voice of reason while they lap the disturbed soul in the soothing element of religious æsthetics. A tendency of this kind is already seen in Ritualism, which bids the doubting take refuge in the sacerdotalism and sacramentalism of the Middle Ages. But such a back-stream of opinion and sentiment would, of course, not be lasting.

It is useless to argue against the sadness of mortality. No one can think without emotion of ceasing to be. No one can think without emotion of an eternal parting from the objects of our affection. Mazarin is described in his last hours as moaning over the sentence of his physician who had told him that his departure was at hand. But the things at the thought of leaving which Mazarin was agonized were only a palace, a glorious gallery of pictures and an immense fortune. He was probably not leaving a soul whom he had loved.

By the miserable and the very weary death will not seldom be welcomed as eternal sleep. By all it must be met with resignation. What is universal and inevitable can hardly be an evil. Let us have no ghastly death's-head and cross bones. Our frames will mingle again with the general life of the universe; and the more quickly they are allowed to do this, the less repulsive the thought of death will be. Nothing, surely, can be more senseless or odious than our fashion of protracting decay. The Egyptian practice of embalmment, which sought to avert decay altogether, was comparatively sensible, and certainly less revolting. It is to be hoped also that there will some day be an end of the undertaker, with his hideous pomp of death struggling with the life and traffic of the crowded street, as well as of that sort of social *suttee* which survivors at present think themselves bound to perform under the guise of mourning; as if the dead could be benefited or pleased by casting gloom over the life of the survivors.

All this is said on the hypothesis that scientific scepticism succeeds in demolishing the hope of a future life. After all, great is our ignorance, and there may be something yet behind the veil.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE NEW PHILIPPINE JUDICIARY.

BY LEBBEUS R. WILFLEY, ATTORNEY - GENERAL FOR THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

"There is no peace in the absence of justice."

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, in selecting the second United States Philippine Commission, recognized the historic fact that, in the formative periods of Government, new institutions are moulded by men learned in the law. He, therefore, appointed, as the majority of that group of men whose unique and arduous mission it was to transplant American institutions to our new possessions on the other side of the globe, three eminent lawyers, William H. Taft, of Ohio, Luke E. Wright, of Tennessee, and Henry C. Ide, of Vermont.

The personnel of the Commission, taken in connection with the conditions which had to be met in the Philippines, explains the fact that the most significant piece of work that has yet been accomplished by the administration in those Islands is the organization of the judiciary and the enactment of the laws relating thereto. Peace and order had to be restored throughout the archipelago, a Spanish system of administration had to be swept away, Spanish laws modified, and a new government built from the ground up.

President McKinley realized that no civil government could be useful and permanent which was not based upon the confidence and good-will of the people. He deplored the necessity for war and his purpose was to supersede military rule in the Philippines with the sway of kindness and justice. The people of the Islands had been under Spanish rule for nearly four centuries. At the date of the appointment of the Commission they were under the military government of the United States. While organized,

armed opposition to our authority had ceased, a state of insurrection, in the form of guerilla warfare, existed in many provinces and a feeling of hostility to Americans and American occupation was practically universal. The Commission was, therefore, sent out to pacify as well as to administer, with instructions to take over the provinces from the military as rapidly as practicable, and set up civil government in them. This resulted for a time in a dual form of government.

On the one hand we sought, by the use of the military arm, to break down insurrection and restore order; on the other we endeavored, through the civil commission, as it were by contrast with the military, to win the affections of the people by offering them the blessings of peace and civil government.

This policy was successful. The early efforts of the Commission, however, were viewed with more or less contempt by the military authorities and with a certain degree of suspicion by the natives. The former looked upon the Commission as a weak and ineffectual institution, without virility and without power to enforce its laws, while the natives received their proffers of friendship with instinctive Oriental distrust, intensified by long experience under Spanish rule.

This feeling of the natives and of the military was overcome chiefly by the organization of the judiciary and the passage of the acts providing for local self-government in the municipalities and in the provinces. The operation of the judiciary soon gave evidence that the civil government had power, and the enactment of the local self-government acts was a pledge that the people were to have a large part in the management of their own affairs.

Spanish rule in the Philippines was essentially military; hence the quality of justice dispensed by the courts depended largely upon the character of the military governor. While in early times there were governors of undoubted character, who gave the people honest and effective administration, of late years the administration was in the hands of corrupt officials and fell into a state of decadence. In no branch was this so manifest as in the judiciary.

While the Spanish law, which is based upon the Code Napoleon, is, in the main, good, its administration in the Philippines was bad. This maladministration resulted from two causes.

First, the judiciary was not independent; and, second, the delays flowing from the operation of certain provisions of the code of procedure were so long as to amount to a practical denial of justice. This code permitted an appeal to the Supreme Court from almost every order or ruling of the trial court and allowed either party to an action to challenge the trial judge in nearly every case. The result was to keep litigants waiting in the vestibule of the temple of justice until their means and their patience were alike exhausted. Before a suit could be instituted in the trial court the plaintiff had to execute a power of attorney authorizing a solicitor to act for him. This power of attorney had to be acknowledged before a notary. Then it became necessary to have it declared sufficient by the attorney who was to act in the cause. There was thus the intervention of three paid officials, attorney, solicitor, and notary, before the suit was begun. The slightest defect invalidated the pleadings, and often an action was dismissed upon the merest technicality.

This system naturally yielded injustice rather than justice. Business men refused to go to the courts with their controversies because it was better and wiser to submit to loss of their claims than to lose time and energy in useless litigation and, in the end, be robbed under the forms of law. One of its worst iniquities was the practice of keeping prisoners in confinement for an indefinite period without trial. After the establishment of civil government, hundreds of prisoners who had been sentenced during the Spanish régime made application to the Governor for pardon. These applications were first examined in the Bureau of Justice. It was not uncommon, in fact it was the rule, for the petitioner to recite that he had been kept in prison before trial for a term ranging from one to eleven years, while not infrequently his sentence was for a much less time.

The Commission, upon learning these facts, immediately swept away the Spanish code of procedure which made them possible and assigned to the Hon. Henry C. Ide, Secretary of Finance and Justice, the task of drafting a new one. In a comparatively short time Judge Ide produced a code consisting of 796 sections and forming a book of 283 pages, entitled "The Code of Procedure in Civil Actions and Special Proceedings in the Philippine Islands." It received full consideration by the Commission and, after a public hearing upon each section of it,

in which the Spanish, Filipino, and American members of the Bar of Manila participated, was adopted on October 1, 1901. This code introduced many new principles of procedure, though the main body of the substantive law was but slightly changed. It is distinctly American and adopts what is known as "the code practice," as distinguished from the common law practice. It is now known in the Philippines as "The Ide Code."

While the change from a Spanish to an American system of administering justice was a radical one, conditions in the Islands rendered necessary the retention of some features of the old system, the most important of which were, (1) Spanish as the official language of the courts; (2) trial by judges without juries, and (3) the right of the Government as well as of the accused to appeal from judgments in criminal cases.

The adoption of each of these provisions called forth vigorous criticism in the United States and from Americans in the Islands. The language question brought out perhaps the most interesting public discussion held by the Commission. The native and American lawyers attended in full force. The Americans contended that, in order to introduce an American system of procedure, the use of English was essential; and, as this would be a means of encouraging its study by the natives, it would aid the policy of the administration in introducing generally the English language in the Philippines.

On the other hand, it was argued by the native lawyers that the adoption of English would deprive them of their occupation and that it would cause great disturbance among the Filipino people.

The argument which finally determined the action of the Commission was this: The English-speaking portion of the community at that time amounted to only a fraction of one per cent. of the population. If English became the official language of the courts, the great mass of the people, who spoke neither English nor Spanish, would have to consult their lawyers through the medium of an interpreter, and in some cases even two would be necessary. If the Spanish language was adopted, they could directly consult Spanish-speaking native lawyers who understood their dialects, thus placing them at least one degree nearer the courts. Since justice was to be administered for the benefit of the people and not for the convenience of the lawyers, this argu-

ment prevailed and the Commission enacted the present law making Spanish the language of the courts for a period of five years. English may be used, however, in cases where all parties speak English and a stipulation is made to that effect.

The question whether the right of trial by jury exists in the Philippines has been the occasion of much debate, both in the Islands and in the United States. It was contended for a long time by a number of able constitutional lawyers that the limitations contained in the Federal Constitution left Congress no discretion in the matter of extending trial by jury to the Philippines. The Supreme Court of the United States, in the so-called *Insular Cases* and in a recent case from the Hawaiian Islands, has settled this proposition contrary to their contention. Under the holding of the court in these cases, Congress, in the exercise of its power to create local governments and "to make all needful rules and regulations respecting territory belonging to the United States," is not restricted in the matter of prescribing methods of procedure and forms of judicial trial, so that the power of Congress to withhold trial by jury from the Philippines is no longer seriously questioned. It may be said without exaggeration that the introduction of the jury system in the Philippines now, far from aiding, would practically defeat the administration of justice altogether, and no one who has been in the Islands and is familiar with local conditions would advocate it at this time.

Governor Taft, testifying before the Senate Committee on the Philippines in 1902, pointed out the obstacles which lie in the way of adopting the jury system in the Islands. He said:

"Ninety per cent. of the people are so ignorant that they could not sit on the jury, to begin with, and understand anything that would be adduced. Then I am bound to say that the difficulty of selecting judges who are above reproach makes it certain that the selection of juries would lead to nothing but corruption and injustice, and we inserted this provision with respect to assessors for the purpose of educating the people up to a possibility of justice. The difficulty with the Filipino mind to-day in the administering of a public trust or the decision of a question between parties is his inability to bring himself to the point of looking impartially at a question between parties."

The nearest approach we have to the jury system in the Philippines is a system of assessors. The law provides for two

assessors, who may sit with the trial court and who are mere triers of fact. Either party is entitled to ask for assessors, but their findings are not binding upon the court. They act merely in an advisory capacity, except that when their judgment in civil cases is contrary to the trial judge, the case must be reviewed by the Supreme Court on the issue of fact. In criminal cases the Supreme Court reviews the fact in all cases.

The right of the Government to appeal in cases of acquittal in criminal causes is claimed to be a violation of both the common and statute law rule against double jeopardy. On the face of it this contention appears to be sound, but upon investigation it will be found that the doctrine against double jeopardy is in the Spanish, as well as in the common, law. At common law, jeopardy ends with the verdict of the jury, which marks the end of the trial. Under the Spanish law, jeopardy also ends with the termination of the trial, which, however, does not occur until the case is reviewed, and judgment pronounced, by the Supreme Court. It is thus seen that the difference is one of application merely, and arises from the difference between the common law and Spanish law conceptions of what constitutes a trial. The question whether the Spanish law relating to double jeopardy violates the act of Congress providing against double jeopardy in the Islands is involved in a case now pending before the Supreme Court of the United States, on appeal from the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands, and will be passed upon in a short time.

Simultaneously with the reform in the law of procedure, the Commission established the judiciary proper, consisting of the Supreme Court, the Courts of First Instance, the Bureau of Justice, and the Justices of the Peace.

The personnel of this judiciary typifies the whole Philippine public service. It comprises both Filipinos and Americans, and the American portion of it is composed of Democrats and Republicans. From the beginning the Commission adopted the policy of appointing Filipinos to office wherever competent ones could be found and of selecting Americans without regard to party affiliations. The records show there are more Democrats in the judiciary than there are Republicans.

The Supreme Court consists of seven judges, four Americans and three Filipinos, who are appointed by the President and hold office at his pleasure. The Chief Justice is an eminent Filipino,

Cayetano Arellano, who receives a salary of \$7,500; the other justices each receive \$7,000 per annum.

The trial courts are called Courts of First Instance. The archipelago, including Manila which has three divisions, is divided into 17 judicial districts. There are also four judges-at-large, whose duty it is, under the direction of the Governor, to assist the regular judges when necessary. All told, there are 23 First Instance judges, one-third of whom are natives. The Manila judges receive an annual salary of \$5,500; those outside of Manila, with two or three exceptions, \$5,000, and the judges-at-large \$4,500.

The Bureau of Justice corresponds to the Department of Justice in the United States. It was organized by Governor Taft, who was formerly connected with the Department at Washington in the capacity of Solicitor-General. It is presided over by an Attorney-General (salary \$7,000), assisted by a Solicitor-General (salary \$5,500), an Assistant Attorney-General (salary \$4,500), a Supervisor of Fiscals (salary \$4,000) and eight assistant lawyers.

This bureau, in addition to having charge of the legal business of the Government, including all public prosecutions, has certain executive duties, among which is the appointment of subordinate court officials.

Under the original organization there were 1033 justices of the peace and as many auxiliary justices; under the reorganization of the municipalities there are now 623. These justices are all natives, as are also the provincial fiscals (prosecuting attorneys.)

This constitutes the machinery of the present judicial system in the Philippines.

Now the practical question is: How has the experiment worked in actual practice; to what extent has it succeeded, and wherein has it failed? In answer to this question we may truthfully say in regard to the judiciary in the Philippines what Sir Henry Maine said with reference to the courts of justice in India:

"The point which requires to be observed is that the true revolutionary agent in India has been neither the executive government nor the legislature, but the court of justice, without which the existence of the British rule in India can hardly be conceived."*

* "Village Communities," p. 300.

The success of the system, which it is safe to say has been beyond the anticipation of its authors, has been due to two causes. First, the character of the Commissioners, and especially of the Chief Executive, who gave it direction during its formative period; and, second, the policy of introducing innovations in such a manner and with such modifications as to adapt them to the usages, customs, and local needs of the people. Governor Taft's judicial training fitted him in a special manner for the work of setting up civil government in the Philippines, and especially for the organization and development of the judiciary. This department has received his closest attention from the first, and bears the impress of his broad and liberal mind. Our experience in the Philippines illustrates the truth of Montesquieu's saying:

"In the infancy of societies the chiefs of state form the institutions; afterwards the institutions form the chiefs of state."

The success of our administration in the Philippines depends more upon the character of the men sent out to rule than upon the nature of the laws. It was realized from the beginning that the fate of the American administration in the Islands rested largely with the judiciary; hence great care was given to its organization. As a result, it is now established on a broad and liberal basis. The salaries paid, with the exception of the Supreme Court, are fair, and the leaves of absence which are provided by special act are liberal. The salaries of the justices of the Supreme Court are only equal to those of the heads of bureaus. This is wrong for two reasons. First, it gives the Supreme Court a position in the Government relatively lower than it is entitled to under our system. A judge of the Supreme Court in the Philippines gets less than half the salary paid to a Commissioner, who holds a dual office, while in the United States the salary of a Supreme Court justice is nearly equal to the combined salaries of a Senator and a cabinet officer. Second, it is impossible, for the salaries paid, to attract and hold in the service Americans who are able to interpret and develop the laws of the Islands. Governor Taft, who has always been a strong advocate of a well-paid judiciary, both in the United States and in the Philippines, recommended at the beginning that the Chief Justice be paid \$10,500 and the Associate Justices

each \$10,000 per annum.* He is still endeavoring to bring this about.

Experience has demonstrated the correctness of his position. In less than three years three of the American justices have resigned, and the cause in each case, in a greater or less degree, has been the inadequacy of the salary. The result is that the judges resign about the time they master the language and the laws and thus become useful to the Government.

The policy of appointing Filipinos to judicial office has proven to be a wise one. Lawyers formed a larger part of the cultured class in the Philippines than the members of any other profession. The present Chief-Justice, Cayetano Arellano, and the present Solicitor-General, Gregorio Araneta, would be eminent at the bar of any nation.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing, however, that the Philippine judiciary is without its defects. While much has been accomplished, errors have been made and many difficulties and obstacles remain to be overcome.

The natives have failed, as a rule, as justices of the peace. The provincial fiscals, who are also natives, have succeeded only partially. One of the problems now confronting the Commission is, how to reform and improve these two branches of the service. While their relative position in the judiciary is low, yet their practical importance is great. The success of the constabulary depends largely upon the fiscal, who must, in order to make effective the work of the police, cooperate with them and prosecute the violators of the law with vigor and intelligence.

The courts of the justices of the peace are those which come in direct contact with the people and these tribunals are the ones to which they must come with their minor controversies and petty grievances.

The great difficulty in the Philippines is to get the natives to

* I should have been glad if the salaries of the chief justice and the associate justices could have been made \$10,500 and \$10,000 for several reasons. First, because it would properly exalt the judiciary in the Islands, an object that is of the utmost importance there, so as to bring the position that the judiciary occupy in the Government to the highest point possible in the eyes of the natives; and, secondly, because the work that is done is worth the money paid, and it serves to make contented men who, by the virtue of experience which they will attain and knowledge of the language which they now have, are most valuable to that commonwealth. (Governor Taft before the Senate Committee on the Philippines, February, 1902.)

go into court and assert their rights. This is due, in large measure, to the system known as "caciqueism," which is a system of boss rule by petty leaders and is the curse of the Islands. The effect of this system is to place nearly all the common people under the control of a few men, who exercise almost the power of life and death over them. The people can only be relieved from the burdens of this system by free public schools and efficient courts of justice.

Moreover, the native judges of the Courts of First Instance, probably as a result of their early training, have shown a disposition to decide in favor of the Government in cases in which the latter is interested. This, however, does not appear in the history of the present Supreme Court, which has repeatedly shown itself absolutely fearless and independent.

Another weakness which inheres in the present system arises from the fact that the Commission, which is the legislature, has the power to appoint, to promote, and to remove the judges of the Courts of First Instance. This fact may at any time give rise to the criticism that the trial courts are not free from the influence of the appointing power. While this practice is out of harmony with that most admirable feature of our Federal Constitution relating to checks and balances, it has been unavoidable, from the very nature of things. It has been suggested that this difficulty might be overcome by placing the appointment of the judges of the Courts of First Instance in the hands of the President, as in the case of the Supreme Court. This would only obviate it in a measure, as the President must necessarily depend upon the recommendations of the Governor and the Commission for all his appointments in the judiciary. Steps should be taken to remove this danger, because, under our system, a judiciary which is not independent is worse than no judiciary.

While the worst excrescences of the Spanish law have been removed, much work lies before the administration in the way of harmonizing and unifying the laws of the Islands. All legislation hitherto has been enacted by the Commission, which is at once an executive and a legislative body. By reason of its heavy executive duties, the Commission is seriously hampered in this work of revising and modifying the important codes which form the substantive law. The Commission is in a position to reform and build up the public law of the Islands, as contra-

distinguished from the Private Law, but the task of applying our method of procedure to local conditions, of changing the criminal law and the criminal procedure to meet the wants of the people, of modifying the commercial code to meet new conditions, and the general work of unifying and harmonizing the laws, will have to be performed by a body of men who are in a position to devote all their time to it and who have had experience in the judicial branch of the Philippine service. This is but natural. Reason and experience teach us that the work of writing the Private Law of a country is one requiring much time and labor. Macaulay and his associates spent five years on the penal code of India; Livingston three years on his code for Louisiana, and it is said that Napoleon required eight years, with the best talent of France at his command, to perfect the code bearing his name. Codification is possible and practicable in the Philippines and it should be accomplished, as far as possible, before the Philippine legislature comes into existence, which will be in about two years.

In view of these facts, it has been suggested that a separate and independent Law Commission be appointed, composed of natives and Americans who have been in the judicial service of the Islands, whose duty it shall be to codify and unify the laws and make such changes in the codes already adopted as the needs of the situation may require. The need of such a Commission has been illustrated by the history of the penal code. At first there was a general demand by Americans in the Islands for a new penal code, and Commissioner (now Governor) Wright drew such a law at the same time that Judge Ide drew the code of civil procedure. The consideration of this penal code by the Commission was delayed by other matter until November and December last. The public discussion of it then brought out the fact that a marked reaction had taken place in the minds of the American lawyers and judges, in favor of the existing Spanish code. This grew out of a better understanding of the usages and customs of the people and of the good qualities of the old code, gained by closer association with the Filipinos and a more accurate knowledge of the Spanish law.

The advantages of such a Commission would be twofold. In addition to unifying and welding into one symmetrical whole the codes which constitute the private law of the Islands, it would be in a position to make a complete revision of the public law.

This, in brief and general outline, is the New Philippine Judiciary.

Its organization and its success are accomplished facts. It is a going, working concern; justice is now being administered effectively and impartially throughout the archipelago, except in parts of the Moro Province.

It is a novel experiment in the history of our country and in the history of colonization. Never before has an Anglo-Saxon people attempted, in a Malay country, to engraft on a body of laws distinctly Roman a system of judicial administration of common law origin. The fact that the Filipino people have for centuries been under the influence of the Roman law and of Christianity differentiates them from all other Malay people.

The spectacle of Filipino judges, schooled in the principles of the civil law, sitting side by side with American judges trained under the common law and administering justice to Malays, Orientals, Europeans, and Americans alike, is certainly unique, and one which the students of history everywhere are interested in watching.

The judiciary is undoubtedly the new Government's main support. The Government could not long exist without it. All who have witnessed its organization and growth agree that it has been the most powerful instrument in the hands of the administration in the Philippines in establishing law and order, in safeguarding life and property, in overcoming racial prejudices, in strengthening the bonds of friendship and union between the two peoples; in short, in substituting the benign sway of peace and civil rule for the lawlessness and carnage of anarchy and war.

LEBBEUS R. WILFLEY.

THE WORK OF THE BRITISH COTTON-GROWING ASSOCIATION.

BY J. ARTHUR HUTTON, VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE
EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

It is almost a truism to state that the question of the future supply of cotton is by far the most important problem before the world at the present moment. In Lancashire the much-debated "fiscal" question has receded into the background before the dangerous situation of the cotton trade. This is not a mere local question affecting the interests of the merchants and manufacturers of England, or of the millions of people who are directly or indirectly dependent on the English cotton trade; nor is England the only manufacturing country which is suffering from short supplies. Germany, France, the United States and, in fact, every country where cotton is manufactured, are to-day feeling the evil effects of this shortage in cotton. The present high price may be partly due to short supplies and to the fact that consumption has overtaken production, and partly to a singularly daring speculative movement of a group of American speculators; but the violent fluctuations from week to week and, indeed, from day to day, rendering legitimate business almost an impossibility, and at best more or less of a gamble, are caused in large measure by the manipulations of speculators, who have taken advantage of the misfortunes of their fellow men. This is not the place to argue the moral side of the question, but one would hardly envy the men who are willing to cause untold misery and hardship on the toilers of the world, in order that they may gather together a few more hundreds of thousands of dollars.

It is now an admitted fact that, during recent years, production has not kept pace with the increase in consumption. This

has been due principally to the want of elasticity in the United States crop. Five years ago 23,000,000 acres produced 11,250,000 bales of cotton, and, although the acreage this last season is twenty-five per cent. larger, it is doubtful whether 10,250,000 bales have been produced, and there are many who believe that, for want of labor and other reasons, there is little probability of any large increase in the immediate future in the production of the United States. On the other hand, it has been estimated that the normal increase in the world's consumption of cotton is 400,000 bales a year. This increase will undoubtedly be checked by the high prices now ruling; for the majority of the consumers of cotton goods are the poorest of the poor, whose income does not reach a shilling a day, and a considerable time must elapse before they get accustomed to dearer goods. But, even allowing for this, it is quite evident that, unless new cotton-fields are opened up in other parts of the world, most of the mills of the world will have permanently to work on short time, and many of them will be closed entirely.

The seriousness of the situation has been fully grasped in Europe, and during the last two years movements have been commenced by England, Germany, France and other countries for extending the growth of cotton in their tropical possessions. These movements, though modest in the earlier stages, have during the last few months been considerably enlarged, as there is a growing determination to be independent of American speculators. Some time must elapse before appreciable results can be obtained; but most strenuous efforts are being made, and as far as can be judged at present there is every probability that Europe may some day be able to regard the success or failure of the United States cotton crop with comparative equanimity.

One of the most serious points connected with the shortage of cotton, and with the high price of cotton production, is the hardship which is entailed on the ultimate buyer, who will be compelled to restrict his purchases, to such an extent in the poorer parts of the world that he will literally have to go without clothing.

Of all these movements, the most important is the British one, for the field to be covered is much the largest. The movement originated at the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce of Oldham, the great Lancashire spinning centre, held in

January, 1901, when a discussion took place on the question of future supplies of cotton. A committee appointed on that occasion at once proceeded to make inquiries into the possibilities of cotton-growing in the British Empire. The report of this committee was completed in November, 1901, and its purport may be summed up in one sentence—that suitable cotton for the Lancashire trade could be grown in various parts of the British Empire. A meeting was held at the Manchester Chamber of Commerce on February 18th, 1902, when a large and representative committee was appointed. After several meetings, at which the question was fully discussed, on June 12th, 1902, the British Cotton-Growing Association was formally inaugurated, and it was decided to raise a guarantee fund of £50,000. Immediate steps were taken to gather information, and to initiate experiments in every part of the British Empire where cotton could be grown. These experiments have been so successful that it has now been decided, subject to the approval of the authorities, to constitute a large company under royal charter with an initial capital of £500,000. This company will absorb the original Association, and will carry on the work on the same lines, philanthropy worked on a commercial basis, and with the same objects, to promote the cultivation of cotton throughout the British Empire. No dividends are to be paid for five years; the surplus profits during that period, should there be any, are to be devoted to the cause of cotton-growing. The Association has a bright future before it; for the experiments already completed give every hope of ultimate success, and some of the shrewdest and most influential business men of Lancashire are at the head of the movement. Every possible assistance is also being given by the British Government. In his speech from the throne in opening Parliament on February 2nd last, His Majesty the King used the following words:

“The insufficiency of the supply of raw material upon which the great cotton industry of this country depends has inspired me with deep concern. I trust that the efforts which are being made in various parts of my Empire to increase the area under cultivation may be attended with a large measure of success.”

Such a recognition of the work of the Association sets it above all ordinary commercial ventures, and it is no exaggeration to

say that the deepest interest and enthusiasm have been aroused throughout the whole of the British Empire.

One of the first fields which attracted the attention of the committee was British India. With its vast area and enormous population, there is an immense field for work, and there is little doubt that the present production, about 3,000,000 bales of 500 pounds, could be largely increased. Unfortunately, from an English point of view, the quality of Indian cotton leaves much to be desired, for it is shorter in staple than the American product, and not of much use to the majority of Lancashire spinners, whose energies are devoted principally to spinning finer yarns, leaving the coarser trade to their competitors. This cotton question, however, is an international one; and an increase in the production of the shortest stapled cotton is desirable, provided it is of usable quality, and even if it is shipped to Lancashire's competitors, for it will relieve the demand on the next best grade, and the extra supply of the better quality so released will relieve the demand on the next grade higher, and so on. *Vice versa*, if there is an increased supply of the best Sea Island, the spinners who can utilize the same will not be forced on to the market for the next lower grade. In connection with this point, it should be mentioned that the most cordial relations exist between the British and Continental movements, for it is fully recognized on both sides that, in the present troubled waters, England, France and Germany are in the same boat and must help one another. One might go further and suggest that American spinners are equally interested in the development of cotton cultivation in spheres outside the United States; for, if it be true that there is little probability of an immediate large increase in the production of the Southern States, their only salvation also lies in the development of other cotton fields. One cannot emphasize too strongly the international importance of this movement for the development of new cotton-fields. One might liken the cotton supply to a cistern filled by several taps, and emptied by several; and it does not matter to the English, French or American taps which are emptying the cistern whether it is refilled by a German or Russian supply, so long as there is a sufficient quantity flowing in to replenish the water in the cistern.

In addition to an increase in the quantity of cotton grown in India, it is thought that by careful selection of seed, and by

paying more attention to improvement of the methods of cultivation, much could be done towards raising the quality of Indian cotton. It is proposed to establish model farms in the midst of the cotton-fields as object lessons for the education of the Indian ryot in the most modern methods of cultivation. If such farms were established, not only would they have a most valuable educational influence, but they would also be the means of providing the natives with improved and selected varieties of seed and would probably be more or less self-supporting. Representations have been made by the Association to the Indian Government, urging that government to take up the work, and these have been most favorably received. There is, indeed, every reason to hope that in a few years' time we shall not only obtain largely increased supplies from this part of the world, but also cotton of greatly improved quality.

It is almost an irony of fate that Lancashire should again have to turn her attention to the West Indies for cotton. More than a century ago 40,000 bales, or about half the total of England's requirements, were obtained from those islands. It was not until the year 1802 that the imports from the United States first exceeded those from the West Indies. In 1902, the total imports into England from her old sources of supply were less than 1,000 bales. This, however, will soon be changed. Large quantities of the best Sea Island seed have been distributed, and cash advances are being made to indigent planters who have been more or less ruined by beet-sugar. Some beautiful cotton has been grown and sold in Liverpool at prices ranging from eleven to sixteen cents a pound, and there is every probability that in two or three years from now the West Indies and British Guiana will produce at least 50,000 bales annually, and that England will consequently be entirely independent of Georgia and Carolina for her supplies of the best qualities of cotton.

Although the Association was to devote its funds to the encouragement of cotton cultivation in British possessions, it was felt that the protectorate which England exercised over Egypt and the Egyptian Soudan would justify the committee in considering that part of the world as being within the scope of their mandate. It was soon discovered that in Egypt proper no action was necessary. The cotton crop is a most remunerative one, especially at the present inflated prices, while the Egyptian

Government and the Egyptian people are fully alive to the advisability of increasing the cultivation of cotton as much as possible. The present Egyptian production of cotton is about 1,000,000 bales of 500 pounds, and it is estimated that the new Nile dam at Assouan will make it possible to put under cultivation an additional acreage of fifteen per cent. In the Soudan, however, there are very great possibilities; new land is being put under cotton there every day; and, when the railway is opened from Suakim to Berber, it will be possible to cultivate cotton at a profit, even so far up the river as Khartoum. Quite recently a new field has been discovered at Tokar on the Red Sea, where it is said that the land available is capable of growing a crop as large as the present growth of the whole of Egypt. There is, therefore, every reason to hope that, within the next five years, the Egyptian crop may increase by 1,000,000 or 1,500,000 bales of 500 pounds.

It is a curious fact that, heretofore, most attempts at the acclimatization of Egyptian cotton in other countries have ended in failure. It has generally been supposed that this was owing to the fact that this quality of cotton required artificial irrigation. Recent experiments in German East Africa, in British East Africa, and in British Central Africa (Nyassaland), however, show that this hypothesis is entirely unfounded; and some cotton grown in German territory from Egyptian seed was reported on by competent authorities as fully equal to the best Egyptian cotton.

In East Africa, the work has now passed the experimental stage; and from Nyassaland alone 3,000 bales of 500 pounds will be shipped this season. In this colony there is plenty of suitable land and a good supply of cheap labor—about a penny half-penny to two pence a day being the usual rate of pay. The climate is not unhealthy, and many Englishmen have been settled there for years, growing coffee and tobacco. They are now all turning on to cotton as fast as possible, aided by the British Cotton-Growing Association, which is supplying them with seed and ginning machinery, and giving them financial assistance towards clearing the land. It is possible that in Nyassaland alone 50,000 bales may be produced in the coming season, and there is every probability that in a few years' time East Africa may produce at least 1,000,000 bales of first-class cotton.

To turn from the east of the Dark Continent to the west, we come to a field which offers immense possibilities. There are even some who think that the day may come when American spinners will have to look to West Africa for a portion of their supplies. West Africa is divided up between England, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, the Congo Free State, and Liberia. The portion held by Germany is but small; the Germans are, however, pushing on the cultivation of cotton as fast as possible, and they have already achieved some most satisfactory results. The territory under the sway of France is enormous, and in it large experiments have already been commenced. British West Africa has an area in round figures of upwards of 500,000 square miles, and, were it possible to get only one-tenth of this area under cotton, we should obtain 30,000,000 acres, which, at the rate of only one-third of a bale to the acre, would give 10,000,000 bales of cotton. There is no reason why the whole of West Africa should not some day produce 20,000,000 bales of cotton, for, in addition to the enormous extent of land, there is a large supply of cheap labor—the usual rate being from fourpence to a shilling a day. It is estimated that in British West Africa alone there are at least 20,000,000 inhabitants. And last, but not least, land can be obtained for almost a nominal rent. If the native were cultivating for himself, he would pay no rent at all, or only some small tribute to the chief of the community. Compare this with the condition of affairs in the Southern States, where many of the cultivators have to part with one-third of their crop in payment of rent. It has justly been argued that, should there be a large increase in the production of cotton, of which there is every probability, and should the price in consequence fall to an unremunerative basis, cultivators will suffer severely. If this should be the case, so far as can be judged now, West Africa will some day be able to produce more cheaply than the Southern States, and it will be the American farmer, and not the West-African, who will suffer most by the fall in price.

It can easily be understood that, there being amongst British possessions a field with such immense possibilities, early attention was given to West Africa. The sympathies of the Government officials were enlisted, experts were sent out, and quantities of seed supplied. Some excellent cotton has been grown and sold in Liverpool at prices about one-third of a penny a pound below

middling American. The probability is that, with better cultivation, as good cotton can be grown in West Africa as in the Southern States; and some native varieties have been discovered, and are now being largely planted, which will exactly meet the needs of English spinners, as the staple is long and silky, and of a good white color, while the quality generally is decidedly better than average American. From the very commencement, the Association decided on a line of policy in West Africa which they have never abandoned, and which they still believe to be the best—viz., the ultimate establishment of cotton-growing as a *native industry*. The large plantation system for coffee and other articles in West Africa under white management has generally ended in failure, and there is no reason why cotton plantations should be more successful. To get the natives to take up cotton-growing largely will, however, take a long time, but it is the surest method in the end, as exemplified by the old West-African proverb: "Softly, softly catchee monkey." With the object, however, of expediting matters, large plantations of 10,000 acres are being commenced in several of the British West-African colonies. They will probably be barely self-supporting, but they will have an excellent educational effect, and will serve as seed farms and enable large experiments to be carried on in hybridization and selection of seed. It is quite impossible to forecast how soon one may expect an appreciable supply from West Africa; but there is no doubt that in from five to ten years from now it will become an important factor in the world's supply of cotton.

If any one has to regret the vastness of the British Empire, it is the working staff of the British Cotton-Growing Association, for not a day passes without letters arriving from all parts of the world—from Queensland, from Cyprus, from Rhodesia, from Borneo, from Fiji, from Burmah, and from the many territories which make up "the Empire on which the sun never sets"—requests for advice, for seed, for experts, for financial help, and so on. It is unnecessary here to go into further detail as to what is being done; let it suffice to say that, wherever cotton can be produced, it is either being grown, or steps are being taken to commence its cultivation; and it has now been proved that the British Empire can produce an ample amount of cotton of every quality for the needs of Lancashire.

It will be gathered from the above that the deepest interest has been aroused throughout the whole Empire, and that all are determined to put forth every possible effort in aid of England's greatest manufacturing industry—one might say *the* largest exporting industry of the world. This movement will have the double advantage of procuring ample supplies for Lancashire cotton-spinners, and at the same time of largely increasing the prosperity and purchasing power of the Colonies, with a resulting demand for manufactured goods. Though there has been much difference of opinion and much controversy in England recently on the question of Tariff Reform, on the common ground of cotton supply all parties have joined hands—Free-Traders, Freefooders, Tariff-Reformers, Fair Traders, Protectionists, Little Piggers, Whole Hoggers. This unanimity is largely due to a growing fear of the immense resources now at the disposal of a few individuals, and the consequent terrible power of dislocating any market or industry; and, for this reason, the British Cotton-Growing Association can afford to regard the powerful speculators who have recently been manipulating the cotton market as benefactors in disguise.

J. ARTHUR HUTTON.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMAN IN INDUSTRY.

BY FLORA McDONALD THOMPSON.

THE common assumption is that by engaging in men's work women secure independence. That there are upwards of 3,000,000 women wage-earners in the United States, that women have entered all classes of occupation, that women form seventeen per cent. of the industrial strength of the people, are facts popularly quoted as indicating the economic progression of the sex. Now, the truth of the matter, as statistics show, is that the woman wage-earner is under one aspect an object of charity, under another an economic pervert, under another a social menace.

As a charity, she is both costly and hopeless. Why she is a hopeless charity will appear later from a consideration of the working woman as she affects wages and society. That she is a charity, and a costly one, is shown by the nature and cost of all special investigations and remedial legislation in her behalf, not to speak of explicit private charity devoted to her needs—the numerous institutions in cities everywhere which provide cheap food and lodgings and otherwise assist the working woman in her desperate struggle for existence.

The great bulk of official statistics concerning woman in industry shows no more than a census of women workers. But when the statistician is moved to make particular inquiries concerning these workers, it is always in the spirit of pity and benevolence—a spirit of gallantry and compassion aroused by a spectacle of woman's misfortunes. A majority include women and children in the same category of physical and moral wrong, that is to be righted by the providence of men's legislation. The eleventh annual report of the United States Department of Labor and the reports of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics recognize that even a woman engaged in economic production becomes a definite

industrial factor; yet these eminently philosophical reports breathe the tender concern of good men for frail woman. They produce data not with reference to the volume of woman's production, its cost, profit or loss in relation to the wealth of the world, but rather to give official information that her work is proper, pleasant, profitable or otherwise in relation to her sex—always in relation to her sex. The statistician never forgets that he is dealing with ladies in production, and, like a true gentleman, he assembles facts accordingly. A report on the working girls of Boston tells us that "some of the girls say men placed in charge of them curse and swear at the girls and treat them very shabbily;" also, with pain vibrating between the lines, the same report states that "in some places girls employed are not allowed to see callers during working hours."

The report of a chief of a Western State Bureau of Labor Statistics shows, with especial clearness, how far apart from business interests the woman wage-earner appeals to the official mind:

"I would recommend that hours of labor for women should not exceed ten hours per day, so that they should not be kept too constantly at work, but have sufficient time to do their sewing, and when work is slack, they might with propriety be let go home to do such housework or needlework as devolves upon them."

The law of the business world, to which woman is unavoidably subject on entering general industry, is not the Golden Rule. It is the law which demands the greatest production at the least cost. Strictly speaking, business has absolutely nothing to do with the humanities—absolutely nothing to do with the individual save as a contributor to the wealth of the nation. In so far as woman's work serves business interests, business conditions inevitably are adjusted to her interests. Injustice to her in this connection is business suicide; it is killing the goose that lays the golden egg. But in so far as she is of trifling importance to business, or in so far as she represents any sort or degree of loss to business, she necessarily is ground under the inflexible rule of business law.

Numerically, women wage-earners, including all above ten years of age, are 17.22 per cent. of the industrial population. This numerical strength, however, small as it is, is still less as a force in production because the industrial energy of woman is constantly depleted by marriage. At the age when maturity gives

the laborer most power in production, women are withdrawn from the economic into the domestic sphere. Says the Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics: "The great cause that reduces the number of women in industry is marriage. Thus, the permanency of woman in industry is as a class, not as an individual."

In consequence of this, the woman who is a unit of production has no effect other than to confuse economic problems. She eternally eludes classification with reference to the volume of her production and its cost by fitfully disappearing from the economic order as the attraction of sex makes demands upon her. Her aim in industry is not a livelihood, the laborer's aim and the basis of calculation from which economic equations are formed. She works as a makeshift pending marriage, and thus she tends always to sink to a level with the lowest order of labor, unskilled—the worth of which is reckoned not according to its power, but according to the shifting stress of the necessities of the laborer.

There are, however, other elements than wages which must be considered before we can determine what is the cost of woman's contribution to production and whether or not it pays.

At the outset, there instantly appears increased cost of production in the item of all the conveniences required for women working in factories and business houses. In the better mercantile institutions, these advance from bare necessities to comfort, and even to luxury, in the matter of toilet rooms and lunch rooms, a few proprietors going so far as to serve hot tea, coffee and soup free to employees. These provisions are significant of their economy and purpose, as one is a familiar visitor in toilet rooms of mercantile institutions and daily witnesses one or more female employees stretched on a couch, worn out, sick—thus demonstrating that, as a class, women workers not only increase the cost of production, but diminish its efficiency. The cheapness of woman labor offsets in a measure the increased cost, but such are the demands of marriage, and such the physical unreliability of the sex that to substitute cheap woman labor for men is to substitute a less for a greater efficiency, a fluctuating for a constant force in production—it is, in short, mere money-saving, not economy.

Moreover, as women engage in men's work, they withdraw an indispensable force from household production, which has the

effect of increasing the cost of living while at the same time debasing the value of labor. The wages of women being fixed without reference to the cost of living, they tend, in competing with men, to reduce wages below what it costs to live. Thus, as they abandon the economy of the household for wage-earning, they put labor in the anomalous position of having living expenses increase in inverse ratio to wages. This is a perversion of the economic law of wages, which have always a tendency to increase as the cost of living increases. Women, however, disturb this relation by engaging in wage-earning, and in this instance they have the particular effect of depleting subsistence. Plainly, if wages are less than the cost of living, labor is poorly sustained—insufficiently nourished. Thus, both directly and indirectly, woman in industry, considered with strict reference to economy, operates both to increase the cost of production and to diminish the efficiency of labor.

Humanitarian reformers have regard only for the fact that sordid wealth and cruel corporations are so wicked as to pay women less wages than men. The economist perceives that women who are under no necessity to labor can be got to work for these small wages, and, knowing that the rate of wages proceeds not from the evil heart of capital, but from certain conditions fixed by economic law, he applies himself to inquire why the price of woman's labor is so low. The cause he discerns in the relations of the sex. By virtue of the legal provisions of marriage, precedent in the family relation, and an inherited aptitude for the work pertaining to the support of life, women can afford to receive less wages than men, because, as a class, it costs them less to live. That some individual husband fails to support his wife, that some individual girl has no father or brother or mother contributing to her support, that some individual woman is as helpless as a man in administering to her creature necessities, does not alter the fact that the wages of women are fixed by the privileges they enjoy under the marriage law, the family precedent and their natural skill in feeding and clothing themselves. A popular error made by persons impressed with the injustice resulting to men from the participation of women in general industry, is to consider this with reference to married women only. But, while marriage alone legally establishes this advantage, the other two factors I have mentioned are no less operative in removing the woman

worker from the necessity which governs men of receiving a wage equal to the cost of subsistence. In a report of a special committee appointed in New York to inquire into the condition of 100,000 families dependent in each instance on a woman's average earning of 60 cents a day, it was stated that "the prevailing low wage, inadequate to the support of labor, is due to the fact that, in the establishments employing woman labor, a great majority of the workers are only partly dependent on their earnings for a livelihood." So large a number as 100,000 women, by accident laboring under the necessity of earning a livelihood, were still outnumbered and had their wages fixed by the normal woman—the woman wholly or in part supported by others.

The effect of cheap woman labor is naturally to displace men. The report of the United States Department of Labor shows that exactly as the percentage of women increased in all occupations from 1887 to 1890 the percentage of men decreased. The apparent evil herein resulting is disclaimed by economists who adhere to the principle that cheap labor is to the advantage of production. Horace G. Wadlin, Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, says:

"Displacements of men in industry due to advance of women is similar to the effect wrought by the introduction of machinery. It is temporary, and the hardship resulting is also temporary."

This is an error, because woman's wage-earning offers no compensation for the hardship it entails upon men in the benefits of facilitated production such as follows upon the use of machinery. Woman labor has solely the economic effect I have shown—to increase cost and diminish efficiency in production. And this effect is permanent, Mr. Wadlin to the contrary notwithstanding. By marriage the industry of woman is rendered so fitful and elusive of adjustment to economic principle that it defies establishment as a constant force to be counted on, as labor may reckon with machinery. It appears to-day unexpectedly substituting the cheap woman for the higher-priced man, and to-morrow it disappears in matrimony, leaving both its employer and its male rival at a disadvantage, the only definite result it has accomplished being that it has attached a lower wage to the performance of a certain amount of work.

In addition to the evil which woman labor thus imposes upon men, the reduction of men's wages it brings about is attended with

no diminution of men's responsibility. The man remains liable for the support of the family, even though his wife and daughter, competing with him in business, should lower his wages to the starvation point. Woman labor is an economic element as abnormal as convict labor, and it is equally pernicious for the reason that legitimate labor is taxed for its support.

But are the woman's interests served? What has this industrial revolution accomplished for the sex?

It has secured her a competence averaging less than one dollar a day. It has undermined her health. It has trained her in the work of a machine, and made her unskilled in all the labor which supplements the office of wife and mother in the family. It has taken her out of the home.

The mere fact of the average woman's success in industry, as betokened in the wages she receives—less than one dollar a day—in itself is emphatic declaration of the futility of women's undertaking of men's work. The depravity of it appears in its effect upon the woman's physical organism. An exhaustive and scholarly investigation of the relation of men's work to the health of women wage-earners was made by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics. In this report the conclusion is reached that immature girls should be prohibited by law from working in factories, stores, business institutions of all descriptions, and that the law should have jurisdiction over the labor of all women, to determine, as does the Council of Salubrity in France, what branches of industry a woman may engage in without detriment to her health. In other words, so ill adapted to men's work is her physical constitution proved to be by experience and scientific investigation that a woman's choice of occupation should be legally restricted. The economic reason alleged for this is that the reproductive organs in particular are injured by the strain of men's work, and the human race deteriorates in consequence of woman's impaired physical ability to perform the maternal function.

Beyond the physical ill which results from women doing men's work is an insinuating evil, conducing to economic confusion, which first of all has expression in the modern theory of education for woman. When it is assumed that her destiny is to be bread-winning, the aim is to fit her with knowledge and special training for men's work. Now, in the design of nature, which neither university courses nor political emancipation can overthrow, the destiny of

woman is wifehood, maternity. Abstract these offices from any calculation concerning the sex, and we have the end of the world. It is axiomatic that the first thing indispensable to even the progress of woman is the continuance of the human species. This unavoidable natural office in life determines woman's economic office.

In enumerating the consequences of woman's wage-earning I mentioned that it takes her out of the home. The full significance of this I have learned from my own experience. I can best describe it in egotistic fashion.

Trained to a profession and not trained in household industry, on entering the domestic relation I find my situation to be this: I know next to nothing about domestic economy; I have not money enough at my command to pay for my education in this neglected branch, so I do what seems the only thing possible. I hire a capable woman to manage my house, and by working at my profession I earn money that compensates my family for the money loss entailed by my domestic inefficiency. But when I have thus settled my financial accounts with my family, I am still the cause of irreparable loss to them, and thereby to society. This proceeds from my being under the rule of competition in my professional work. I am subject to business law. An editor will not wait for copy because my child is sick. A newspaper must go to press in spite of the fact that I have a baby in arms. Because I have been falsely educated in serving editors and writing for the press, instead of with a view to the fact that one day I would probably have a baby in arms and a child calling me to work by his bedside, I have had to organize my household labor on a scale of expense which compels me to earn money or precipitate the family into business confusion. Therefore, it is the editor and the paper going to press that I am bound to heed. My baby must develop in the arms of the most capable nurse I can hire; my sick child must do with the service of a hired attendant also. I am in industry. I must abide by its laws. If I neglect my work, there are others ready to seize it. And they will get it. The editor will not be touched by any exhibition of fine maternal solicitude that may be the occasion of my neglect of business. "Business is business."

This is the horror of wage-earning for woman—it reduces her office in the family to a convenience of business. It makes of home a limited, cooperative boarding-house, where the several

members of the family eat, sleep and are otherwise equipped and repaired for the pursuit of their individual interests in life outside. It subordinates the higher interests of the family to the end of money-making. Children are so many ethical problems that seriously embarrass the business success of the mother. They must be organized and disciplined accordingly. The arrangements for their development have always to include and provide for the mother's business obligations. Thus wealth comes to condition human character. Wealth is an indispensable element of human happiness, the acquisition of which is a legitimate, even a virtuous, end of the action of men. But the other elements of human happiness—health, good morals, the beautiful, religion—all these things, without which wealth has no practical value, accrue to society through the immunity from business law (the stress of competition) which woman enjoys in the domestic sphere; and the benefits of these higher elements of happiness are lost to humanity as woman is bound by the conditions of money-making. To be sure, a woman may be free from the necessity of wage-earning and still fail to promote health, morals, beauty and spiritual power. But it is directly in connection with this fact that the greatest evil of encouraging women in so-called economic independence in producing wealth appears. Under the influence of this modern propaganda, advocating "equal rights" to women to engage in men's work, the neglect of woman's naturally appointed sphere in life—the domestic—becomes a virtue. As she departs from the home, and labors outside, it is assumed that thus she enacts the progression of her sex. She thus becomes an item in statistics read before women's clubs to show how the down-trodden ones of earth are advancing. What, thus advancing, she leaves behind, what possibilities in life she forfeits, are questions that do not enter into up-to-date calculations of a woman's success; and thus, where one woman, seriously from misfortune or mistakenly believing it to be a duty, may undertake men's work without stopping to know what thereby the world loses, a host of women seize upon the theory she exemplifies as a warrant for merely escaping from the obligations of their sex. Married, they refuse to be mothers; mistresses of homes, they refuse to be housewives. All that sort of thing belongs to the lower walks of life for women. And so we get a general tendency in the sex that operates to the overthrow of the family, the destruction of humanity.

That child-bearing should be a reproach to a woman follows logically upon economic independence of the sex. The woman who aims to be a producer of wealth is justifiably to be blamed for bearing children. Maternity interrupts her "career," and the demands of business are such that chances are against her making a success of her children. Very reasonably, in the modern scheme of economics for women, maternity is ridiculous—a fault, an error, even almost a crime. Under normal conditions, however—assuming woman to be fulfilling her natural office in the family—what is the economic effect of an increase of population? The truth is exemplified in the boast of the nation. We take a census of the people, and the greatness of the nation is augmented if the population is found to have increased. Why? Because thus, under normal conditions, trade is stimulated. More units of consumption exist, the demand for production is greater; work increases, prices are better, goods cheaper, wages higher, and units of labor—that is, units of force of production—are also increased. In a word, increased population means increased prosperity.

I have indicated how the so-called economic independence of woman is an injury to business interests and a misfortune to the sex. There is still to be considered the effect of this boasted independence upon men. This effect is most significantly shown in the instance of the wife at work. The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics has found that, when the wife earns wages, the husband earns less than other laborers. Seven thousand seven hundred and forty-eight men whose wives are employed earn less than fifty cents a day. In this comparison I noticed another fact involved, which my observation and experience had previously made known to me. That is, where both husband and wife earn money, the living expenses of the family are equal to the whole sum of the man's earnings. Here appears evidence of how the wife's devotion to business interests fails in conserving the husband's interests. Injustice to the man is clear, because while his wife's earnings may supply to himself and the family what the household loses by her want of application to household pursuits, this is entirely optional with the wife; and I have observed that in general she feels what she earns is her own, to the exclusion of her husband's right in it. She does not perceive that she is in equity bound to yield her husband a right in her earnings equal to the cost of her support, and the amount of the loss or extra expense

the household undergoes through her engaging in business outside. If she did so this would economically adjust one of the inequalities attendant upon the wage-earning of women.

But the most potent evil effect upon men resulting from women's wage-earning is described in a letter by a working woman in Rhode Island to the State Bureau of Labor:

"Because women will work for less pay than men, all about me they are employed to the exclusion of men. I often see the wife and mother at work, while the husband walks the street unemployed, manly pride gone, home and children neglected."

At once it will be urged by advocates of woman's right to all work that doubtless the lack of employment of the man was the occasion of the woman's going to work. Perhaps, but it nevertheless should be made clear to women that nothing but eventual disaster results from such a course; that it is better even for the family to suffer want than to entail upon the man the degradation of character imposed upon him when he becomes dependent upon a woman's earnings for support.

Since marriage is a state to which all women in the course of nature, barring accident, attain, it is to effects as determined by marriage that one must look in defining the principles which should govern the action of women. Facts concerning the wage-earning of wives, therefore, do not describe conditions of one class of women only; they represent the final equation of the matter in its bearing upon the sex. Therefore:

The practice of so-called economic independence has achieved for woman financial results indicated in the fact that her average earnings are less than one dollar a day.

The effect of the practice upon economic interests is to lessen efficiency and to increase the cost of production.

The effect upon the woman herself is to impair her physical fitness for the maternal function, and to subject her to a false system of education, which mentally and morally unfits her for her economic office in the family.

The effect upon society is to promote pauperdom, both by increasing the expense of living and by robbing men of the responsibility which gives them force and success in their natural office of dispenser of wealth to the family.

In a word, the truth about woman in industry is, she is a frightful failure.

FLORA McDONALD THOMPSON.

LONDON AS A MUSIC-CENTRE.

BY CLARENCE LUCAS, WITH NOTES BY DAVID BISPHAM.

As the preparation of the following article was due to a statement of my own—made, not at random by any means, yet without a very definite idea of its truth—I gladly avail myself of the opportunity of thanking the author for so ably marshalling such an extraordinary array of facts in support of my assertion that London is—notwithstanding the existence of many other centres of musical activity—the great centre of the musical world; and it gives me pleasure in my turn to add to what Mr. Lucas has written, a few memoranda and figures, and certain thoughts of my own, the result of several years of intimate personal experience of that of which I speak.

DAVID BISPHAM.

HERBERT SPENCER tells of a foreigner who, immediately on landing, determined to write a book on England. After a few months he thought it would be wiser if he waited and collected data; and after a few years he decided that he knew nothing about his subject. Fifteen years ago, while I still looked on the world with American eyes, and my judgment, from Continental training, was warped by French and German prejudice, I thought that there was no music of any account in London; that the English were an unmusical race; and that the English climate was calculated to demusicalize any one who submitted himself too long to its chilling influence. I am not yet, and probably never will be, on friendly terms with the climate of England, but my observation during ten years' residence in London has modified many opinions.

Three hundred years ago, the glee and madrigal composers of Merrie England were the finest in Europe. There is no reason to believe that their descendants have not inherited their musical instincts. There has been no musical Inquisition in England to

kill off the intelligent and leave the stupid fathers to people the land. As a matter of fact, the English in the aggregate are as musical as any other nation, though the English temperament has characteristics which differentiate it from that of the Italians, French, Russians and Germans. For two centuries, the melancholy shadow of Puritanism has cut off the warmth from English music, and the hardy Elizabethan roots have produced but a pale and slender crop of church composers. It is true that the English church service requires a great deal of music,—more, probably, than any other church service in the world to-day. There are thousands of churches and scores of cathedrals in England*

* Nothing of the best of the English school of music has been lost;—much has been neglected, it is true, but the choicest is being revived, and is as vital to-day as ever it was, and being listened to with fresh interest and appreciation after its long rest. There is no shade of religious belief that has not its place of worship in London, and no effort is spared to bring forward in each the best music of its especial form of worship.

The average traveller goes only to St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, but besides these and the countless other churches of the Church of England whose surpliced male choirs are world-famed, there are the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, the Oratory, and many other great churches of that belief where the masses of Byrd and Tallis are being revived, in addition to the Gregorian music so often heard, while in all the spirit of Purcell, Arne, Blow, and others of their noble day is more potent now than for a century or so past, and the best of the sacred music of Italy and Germany is ever present and to be heard. Händel is almost more English than the English-born composers; most of his greatest works were written in London (including the "Messiah"), and his greatest vogue has ever been in the British Isles.

What better church music can there be than that of the English composers of the more recent past? The names of Wesley, Crotch, Attwood, Horsley, and Sterndale Bennett are household words to-day, while the secular works of these and many others are, especially in the field of the part-song and madrigal, without an equal in modern music, though at present these are somewhat out of fashion.

Mendelssohn, with his music and his manner, was adopted by England, for whose great festival at Leeds both "Elijah" and "St. Paul" were written, and, indeed, both of these works are more frequently given in England than in Germany.

The oratorios, anthems, services, and hymns of Macfarren, Barnby, Tours and Sullivan are familiar to the entire English-speaking church-going world, while the operas of the last named are heard in every civilized country on the face of the globe.

The foremost composers in London to-day are sure powers to be reckoned with. Who among the intelligent public is not indebted to the great gifts of the late Goring Thomas, and his contemporaries who happily survive him—Stanford, Parry, Mackenzie, German, Coleridge-Taylor, and Edward Elgar? All of these and others of great ability too numerous to mention are hard at work, their productions finding delighted audiences not only in places of worship, but at the great festivals and among the hundreds of the choral societies of London and Great Britain.—D. B.

where the elevating influence of music is always to be felt. Puritanism, failing to prohibit the organ altogether, has at least been able to keep English musical thought from straying very far from the organ-loft.

A few decades ago, while Puritanism still kept the museums and art-galleries strictly locked on Sunday, and the only places open to the wayfaring man who quitted his own fireside on that day were the churches and the saloons, the Sunday League Society came into existence. This organization, which had for its object the development of a musical taste in the Sunday idlers who rarely had the chance of hearing any music during the week, has now become a very important factor in London's musical progress. During the past year this society alone has given a total of 381 concerts, mostly oratorio performances.

There are the districts of Leytonstone, Clapton, Finsbury Highgate, Hampstead, Willesden, Halloway, Highbury, Kingsland, Dalston, Bromley, Stepney, Ealing, Acton, Kensington, Greenwich, Blackheath, New Cross, Peckham, Camberwell, Kennington, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Lunnerybury, Brentford, Barnes, Richmond, Chelsea, Wandsworth, Putney, Clapham, Dulwich, Sydenham, Streatham, among the more important districts and suburbs of the vast city of London. Each one of these sub-centres has its Philharmonic Society or its Choral Union, which not only helps the local amateur to develop his latent musical ability as a choral singer or an orchestral player, but brings the art of the great metropolitan soloists to the very doors of the people. One of the finest performances of Berlioz's "Faust" I ever heard was rendered by one of these North London suburban choirs of a purely local character and reputation.

The Händel Festival held in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, every three years, with a chorus, orchestra and organ—5,000 performers in all—affords one the opportunity of hearing the most massive choral effects. The London Choral Union, conducted by Arthur Fagge, gives its concerts in the Queen's Hall.* More

* The celebrated veteran conductor, August Manns, has for twenty or more years directed the Händel Festivals, the greatest musical gatherings of the kind the world has ever known, but he has of late handed his bâton over to the younger arm of Dr. Cowen, who each season leads similar large forces of massed choral and orchestral players at Crystal Palace.

This surprising list—surely already more extensive than any other community in the world can boast of—is not complete, however, with-

satisfactory, however, is the regular season of eight concerts of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, Kensington, where as successor to the late Sir Joseph Barnby, Sir Frederick Bridge directs a choir and orchestra of 1,000 performers.

During the past season there have been 80 performances of grand opera at Covent Garden Royal Opera, of which the most important were three performances, under Hans Richter's direction, of Wagner's complete "Ring" without cuts,—requiring 12 days. The Moody-Manners Opera Company also gave 35 performances of grand opera in English in the same theatre, later in the same season.*

There are usually from six to ten theatres in London devoted to comic operas and musical plays. During the past season there have been about 3,000 performances of these at the Savoy, Gaiety, Terry's, Daly's, Prince of Wales's, Lyric, Apollo, Shaftesbury, Adelphi and Vaudeville theatres. For the dramatic productions of Sir Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree, George Alexander and other leading actors, the foremost composers are requisitioned to write appropriate music for an orchestra numerous enough to pass muster as a symphony orchestra in the provinces. The Palace, the Alhambra, and the Empire variety theatres boast three of the finest orchestras in London. The humble artisan who pays his modest sixpence for a gallery seat can hear these superb bands of

out a few additions; there are in and around and about the London of which the ordinary sight-seer knows nothing flourishing choral societies at the great popular resorts of the lower classes at Alexandra Palace in the North and the People's Palace in East London, and excellent choral bodies in Central and South London, St. Margaret's, St. Martin's, Finchley, East Finchley, Hatcham, Lewisham, Marlborough, Streatham Hill, Willesden Green, besides the Loughton Choral Society and Mr. Croager's Musical Society; added to which the following districts, Bermondsey, Bishopsgate, Borough, Brixton, and Manor Park, support—and entirely by the efforts of local amateurs—not only choruses, but orchestras as well, for their annual course of concerts.

The constant visits of bodies of singers from foreign countries to the great halls of London are supplemented by frequent opportunities of hearing in the metropolis the choirs from native towns, such as Leeds, Birmingham, or Sheffield, three of the finest festival bodies in existence, who may be brought to London for especial occasions.—D. B.

* Whatever the reason may be, operatic conditions are practically identical in London and New York. For years the two cities had the same grand opera—management, artists, conductors, chorus, and ballet—but of late a differentiation has become apparent; yet London, notwithstanding the efforts of the Carl Rosa Company and Mr. E. C. Hedmond to cultivate the popular taste for grand opera in English, has been even less successful than New York.—D. B.

sixty skilled performers six nights in the week all the year round. All the many music-halls (variety theatres) of London possess good orchestras, but the Empire and Alhambra are distinguished for the brilliancy of their elaborate ballets, for which Sir Arthur Sullivan and other famous composers have written music.

The "chamber concerts," so called, including string quartets, violin, piano and other solo instrumental recitals, can literally be counted by hundreds. The most important quartet in London at present is Johann Kruse's,—an organization which gave some forty concerts last season.* Not long ago, I noticed nine piano recitals announced for one day. It would be almost impossible to give the exact number of organ recitals. Baedeker says that London has 1,400 churches, and it is probable that most, if not all, of these places of worship add something to the vast total of the musical influences of London.

A popular, though not very elevating, form of musical entertainment, is the ballad concert. These concerts are organized and financed by some of the wealthier publishers of cheap sentimental songs, for the exploiting of their wares for the ubiquitous musical trifle. The performances as a rule are excellent, for the best artists are engaged; but the programmes are of the flimsiest nature. It is an unfortunate contest between commercialism and art, in which art, as usual, is worsted.†

* First and foremost among the factors for good in the musical instrumental world of London must be placed the great violinist, Joseph Joachim, whose visits to England have continued for over fifty years, for over half of which time he headed, as in Berlin, his celebrated quartet at the Saturday and Monday "Popular Concerts" at St. James's Hall, where, seconded often by Lady Hallé and the great 'cellist, Alfred Piatti, he reigned supreme, and still holds his place in the affectionate admiration of every music-lover. "Imitation is the sincerest flattery," and the result is a gratifying increase in the number of organizations for the cultivation of chamber music. The following are the principal among a number: Miss Sloman's, Mr. Barnes's, and Mr. Phillips's Chamber Concerts; the Century Concerts; the Wesley String Quintet; the Chaplin Trio; the Mozart Society; the concert parties of Miss Thomas and Miss Marshall and Mr. Clinton. The twelve "Broadwood" concerts yearly bring out the finest pianists, instrumentalists, and vocalists in music of this character. To these must be added the suburban districts of Surbiton, Croydon, Woodford Green, and West Norwood, where organizations exist for the express purpose of enjoying each year a series of concerts of string quartets played by artists of repute.—D. B.

† Among singers of distinction Georg Henschel and his talented wife led the way out of bondage to the ballad into the loveliest pathways of the ample fields of song, and were followed ere long by the younger vocal artists who brought forward not only the classics, but the best of contemporary music.—D. B.

Then there are "The Magpies" and other small choirs and part-song singers; and antiquarian societies which strive to resuscitate the lute and virginal and perpetuate the tinkling harpsichord.*

A more reassuring feature of London's musical activity is the enormous number of orchestral concerts. Mention must first be made of the venerable Philharmonic Society, organized in the year 1813, and including in its list of conductors the names of Cherubini, Spohr, Weber, Mendelssohn, Wagner, to say nothing of the later-day celebrities. Dr. Frederic Cowen at present conducts the Philharmonic Society's eight annual concerts. Though of recent origin, the Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestra, so ably conducted by Mr. Henry J. Wood, is the most potent factor for musical good in London to-day. This magnificent orchestra gives Symphony Concerts on Saturday and Sunday afternoons throughout the season. During the late summer season, the season when Londoners speak of London as "empty," the Queen's Hall Orchestra gave a series of Promenade Concerts nightly, Sundays excepted, from about the middle of August to the end of October,—concerts of the highest excellence, at which all the great symphonies, overtures, suites, and symphonic poems were to be heard for the ludicrously low price of about fourpence a concert, by subscription for a season ticket. Then there are the Richter orchestral concerts, for many years held in St. James's Hall, but transferred to the Queen's Hall since Dr. Richter took up his residence in England and began to bring his Manchester orchestra to London. Last season there was the Beethoven Festival, conducted by Felix Weingartner of Berlin; and the Strauss Festival, for which the Concertgebou Orchestra of Amsterdam was brought to London, conducted, for the greater part of the Festival, by Richard Strauss himself.

* "The Magpies" is a unique body of amateurs, ladies and gentlemen of the highest social standing, who give concerts of the most exacting class of ancient and modern music for mixed voices before an audience which for brilliancy and intelligence cannot be equalled in the world.

In Upper Norwood there is a club for the study of the same class of music; while the Stock Exchange, West London, and Munro Davidson's male voice choirs do excellent work in that field, and the Meister Glee Singers hold the foremost place as entertainers among the numerous male quartets to be heard in London.

Antiquarians are well acquainted with Mr. Dohnetsch and his old instruments, while the Plain Song and Crystal Palace Historical societies do much to keep alive an interest in artistic conditions of past centuries.—D. B.

The famous Mannheim Orchestra recently gave a series of splendid concerts in St. James's Hall, consisting principally of works by Brahms. The Parisian orchestras of Lamoureux and Colonne are familiar friends and welcome visitors of the London musical public. During the past few years there is hardly a conductor of note who has not had the opportunity of wielding the batôn in the British metropolis.*

The amateur orchestras of London are numerous and excellent. The Royal Amateur Orchestra, conducted by Ernest Ford, is under the patronage of the King.

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestra, conducted by the well-known vocal authority, William Shakespeare, has enough patrons to fill the Queen's Hall six times a year. The Westminster Orchestral Society, which I have the honor of directing, is under the patronage of Queen Alexandra. This society has recently been transferred from the old Westminster to the more musical Kensington. The North London Amateur Orchestra, conducted by Lennox Clayton, taps a district untouched by the other orchestras. The same may be said of the Stock Exchange Amateur Orchestra, conducted so excellently by Arthur Payne, the concert-master of Henry J. Wood's Queen's Hall Symphony Orchestra. Herr Sach's Amateur Orchestra affords admirable opportunities for students seeking orchestral experience. The influence of these orchestral rehearsals for good on the musical understanding of the participants in them cannot be estimated.†

The open-air concerts are equally numerous. Statistics concerning the Royal parks—Hyde, Regent's, St. James's—and a few others, are difficult to obtain. In these three most important

* Among the number of celebrated conductors are also Tchaikowsky, Grieg, Mottl, Levi, Nickish, Paur, and Siegfried Wagner, and others from every country of Europe, with or without their own orchestras, and including our own Mr. Sousa and his band, and Strauss, the waltz king, with his instrumentalists. The English Channel has but small terrors in its two hours' passage, and London holds out its lures more than ever to the foreigner.—D. B.

† The grand work done for London at Crystal Palace for many decades by August Manns and his splendid orchestra, at his Saturday afternoon and other concerts, must not be forgotten because the veteran is taking his well-earned repose after half a century of noble effort; but the scene of Mr. Manns's labors is now filled with the sound of Mr. Hedgecock's amateur orchestra, and in other districts of suburban London orchestras are supported by Brockwell, Muswell Hill and Woolwich; and in London proper the Saturday orchestral concerts conducted by Mr. O'Brien continue through six months of the year.—D. B.

parks of London, the military band concerts are certainly not proportionately less numerous than are the band concerts in the many parks under the control of the London County Council. During six months of last year the Council provided 1,250 band concerts in the parks and open spaces of London.

The requirements of the student of music are amply provided for. There are about a dozen musical academies; and the usual number of pretentious and more or less meritorious small colleges and academies; and an imposing army of private teachers.*

Prophesying is futile. But when the English Beethoven arises, the Emerson of the future will see in the seething activity of the musical life of to-day sufficient cause for the appearance of the great man.

CLARENCE LUCAS.

What constitutes an art-centre? Sufficient interest in art among a sufficient number of people whose work it is, as creators or exponents, to attract others like-minded as coworkers or disciples and so to form a nucleus of enthusiasts whose influence carries a more than ephemeral conviction into the great world of art. Weimar was such a music-centre; Florence in painting and Boston in literature hold enviable reputations, while Paris and certain cities of Germany are undoubted centres of dramatic and operatic art.

After reading Mr. Lucas's remarkable article it were, indeed, well-nigh impossible for the veriest partisan to ignore the astounding mass of facts he brings to our notice, or to refrain from according to London, the capital city of the greatest empire the world ever saw, the recognition which is its due of its true place as the principal centre of the musical life of our times.

Mr. Lucas has confessed to me that though immersed in music as composer, teacher, conductor and critic of one of London's

* There is scarce an end to the list of private schools of music in the great metropolis, but it is well to enumerate some of the more important public schools of the minor grades. The Royal Military School, Trinity College, London Music School, South London Institute of Music, Tonie Sol-Fa College, Crystal Palace School, Virgil Piano School, Royal Normal College and Academy for the Blind, the Victoria College, Incorporated Staff-sight-singing College, and the Goldsmith's Company Institute all do good work, but the Royal Academy and Royal College not only uphold the highest standards, but send examiners each year all over the world-wide British dominions to select for admission, after exhaustive examination, only the most talented pupils from whatsoever land they may come to these great schools.—D. B.

great daily papers, he was nevertheless quite unaware of the musical growth of the metropolis until he began, at my suggestion, to test the accuracy of my pronouncement as to London's supremacy. He had been in the position of the man who "could not see the forest for the trees"; but a few excursions out of the beaten tracks of Piccadilly, Langham Place, and Covent Garden gave him a wider view of the subject, and led him into regions practically unexplored yet replete with interest and unadvertised but none the less high art. How truly has it been remarked that there is many a delightful evening passed which is not mentioned in the newspapers!

He was familiar with the doings of the Händel Society, the festivals of the Bach Choir at Queen's Hall, which a few seasons ago brought all musical England together, and appreciates without doubt the necessity for the cultivation of the classics and the reason for the existence not only of interest in every phase of musical life of the past among amateurs of wide knowledge, but of such organizations as will bring the simpler forms of the art to the understandings of the general and less musical public who are unable to digest the complications of the later-day composer; but it remained for him to point out how deeply the love of music of which we read as pervading England of the olden-time had continued and been handed down to the descendants of the Elizabethan age.

Time was when, as we read, every person of culture was expected to be able to take his or her part in the glee or round or catch, and though this form of after-dinner amusement no longer subsists, the custom of domestic music of some sort of an evening remains in most middle-class English families. God save the mark and the family! But this only shows the inherent desire on the part of the populace to give vent to a natural impulse not quite as spontaneous as that of Italy, or as finely developed as that of Germany, but for that very reason it is that for two hundred years the best talent among singers and instrumentalists has been imported from foreign lands to feed the insatiable craving for music in London, where, nevertheless, there is no more than the average proportion of untuneful souls who never could enjoy a concourse of sweet sounds though the angels struck their immortal harps till Gabriel's final fanfare.

The famous advice of Lord Chesterfield to his nephew, "if you

wish to hear music by all means pay some one to fiddle for you, but by no means fiddle yourself," is in these days a dead letter; ladies and gentlemen of the best families in the land not only fiddle, but sing and play the piano and other instruments in public, one of the late Queen Victoria's daughters appearing in the chorus of a celebrated vocal society, and another of her kinswomen being a semi-professional vocalist. A great lady of title had until recently a very fine orchestra of amateurs, her personal friends, which gave excellent public concerts. The private entertainments at which every available musician from celebrated operatic stars and musicians are welcomed and received as friends are literally uncountable.

The musical libraries and collections at the British and South Kensington museums and the Royal College of Music are world-famed; indeed, all that is and has ever been in her history is dearly prized and belongs to England forever, and London is the Mecca of every English and Colonial mind throughout the world. What Jerusalem was to the Jew, and Rome to the Roman, so is London to the Briton of to-day. Beneath its murky pall lies a heart throbbing with the sense of the beautiful and good; the spirit of England's governed crop of musical souls shall never depart, and her worthy husbandmen are working harder than ever in the fallow field and lovingly sowing the seed which will bring forth a still larger and more highly cultivated harvest in the time to come.

DAVID BISPHAM.

WHY IS AMERICAN LITERATURE BOURGEOIS?

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

AMERICAN literature after its first natural imitation of Old-World standards showed for a time a disposition to take its cue from the Declaration of Independence. In reading the state papers of the great men of the first era of the Republic—Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson, and the rest—one sees plainly the influence of the “Spectator”; and even Hawthorne and Poe, to say nothing of the Boston groups, and Washington Irving, might never have breathed the free air of a young republic. Cooper was American in nothing but choice of subject. But when Mark Twain and Bret Harte appeared, then indeed we had produced two authors who could have been born and nourished nowhere else on the planet.

Mark Twain, in particular, was so intensely individual, so rampantly—one may say without disrespect—American, that it must have seemed, to those watching what was then the lawn rather than the field of literature in the United States, that the new force was destined to redirect the whole course of American letters. He might indeed have been apprehended as a mighty hose or hydraulic pump, washing the very earth out of the carefully trimmed beds on the lawn. As one looks back to-day, it seems almost incredible that his uncommon and instantly popular methods, his quite unconscious disdain of petty conventions, his convincing expression of the best as well as the most salient of our national characteristics, did not immediately found a school. Even the facts that the true greatness of his intellect was not appreciated, and that he let Cupid severely alone, are not a sufficient explanation of the riddle of his standing apart to-day. Neither does his originality ex-

plain it: other original writers have founded their schools. At least his triumphs might have encouraged the young to be as free and individual as himself, even if more slenderly equipped as to creative power: it is not the imitators, of course, who count in the final summing up of literary achievement, almost sure as they are to win temporary success by adhering to the footprints of some leader whom the critic knows it is safe to praise. If Twain ever had so much as an imitator—barring mere humorists—I never heard of him. Harte had many, but they are forgotten. But that is not the point. What is truly remarkable is the fact that the brilliant success of these two men did not remind others that originality is the final and supreme touch which secures an artist a permanent position on the heights, which commands forever the attention of the intelligent masses below.

As a rule, originality has a hard fight, for those who write of writers are, necessarily, unoriginal, and, therefore, no matter how conscientious, timid about endorsing a bold deviation from long established standards. But Twain and Harte had no struggle for recognition, from the public at least. No one remembers to-day what their critics wrote; all the world knows of their success. Undoubtedly, there were reasons for this, quite aside from their worth, and it would be unfair not to state them: Twain published his first books by subscription, and was already a personality; Harte published in his own magazine, "*The Overland Monthly*." Both from the start were independent of editors and reviewers. But if this explains their skilful avoidance of the average great author's weary bystanding at the public portals, it by no means explains their failure to encourage others.

American literature to-day, taking it as a whole, taking no account of its strangely few exceptions, is the most timid, the most anæmic, the most lacking in individualities, the most bourgeois, that any country has ever known. There is not a breath of American independence, impatience, energy, contempt of ancient convention in it. It might, indeed, be the product of a great village censored by the village gossip. How utterly unrepresentative it is may be seen by holding it up to contrast with the general trend and conduct of American affairs, political, financial, commercial, with all that is typical of what has come to be recognized as the genius of the American race. Compare it with the bold defiance of the weak and scattered colonies who

rose against a mighty nation; with the group of men who literally evolved another nation out of their own brains; with the fierce love of liberty and determination to realize their unique independence which has characterized this country for a century and a quarter. Compare it even with the enterprise of the four men, who, with a few thousand dollars in their pockets, projected and carried to triumphant conclusion the great Central Pacific Railway. These four men have been accused of all the crimes, and perhaps they were guilty of them; but the fact remains that they were men of a magnificent audacity, and that they conferred an inestimable blessing on the United States. Compare our literary intelligence with the boldness and dynamic energy of the American race in general, and of thousands in particular, who in the last thirty years alone have made the progress of this country phenomenal in the history of nations. To-day, we are more feared, hated, and admired than any country on the two hemispheres—with the possible exception of England. We are a synonym in Europe*—which knows little of our literature and cares less—for cleverness of a new order; for all that is unique, startling, unexpected; for dangerous and unfathomed power; for a personality so original that we are thought of as a mass rather than as individuals of varying mental and social degree. Above all, we are envied because of our personal liberty, our divorce courts, our notorious attitude of standing on our own feet and bidding the rest of the world like us or let us alone.

Up to a certain point they understand us; and they have not derived their enlightenment from our fiction. European women sneer at American women, but envy them. The women of the upper and professional classes of the Old World may be more deeply educated, more elaborately accomplished than ours, more intellectual, through their life-long association with men of affairs, through dwelling in an atmosphere where cleverness and intellect are the final seals of distinction; but the dash of the American woman, born of the spirit of independence, too often puts them out of court. Full of knowledge, as distinct from mere information, they sit dumb and discontented before the rush of the American tongue—when unaccented—and, no doubt, long for the time when Europe shall be quite Americanized.

* Geographically, Europe may include England, but to the modern habit of thought, at least, it is "England and Europe."

It would seem almost superfluous to wonder what would be a European's reply if one asked him what parallel he found between those of our men whom he regards as typical—such men as Roosevelt, Pierpont Morgan, Yerkes, Cleveland, or even Croker—between our imminent financial supremacy, our devouring commercial inroads, our gigantic trusts violating many laws, our colossal strikes, our utter contempt for the survival of the monarchic-al superstition in the Old World—and our literature. Where is the parallel? And where shall we seek the cause of this temporary misrepresentation of the most original and audacious country the world has ever known? I use the word temporary with aforethought, for phenomena have appeared recently which would have been quite impossible a few years ago. The public would seem to be disentangling itself from leading strings, rebellion is in the air, much that provoked loud protest a few years ago is now accepted as a matter of course, and there are signs everywhere that, in the course of another generation, we shall have discarded our Puritanism, and have grown into a broad tolerant, and no less virtuous race. But habit is hard to kill, and we may count upon a persistence of the present order of things for some time to come, and in spite of the occasional success achieved without the sanction of the American literary powers.

In the late eighties, when I began to indulge in coherent dreams of the literary career, I cut from some weekly newspaper, or magazine, a picture of Mr. Howells's study, pasted it on cardboard, enthroned it upon my desk. At this time he was the controlling force in American letters—James was a sort of wayward younger brother; and although Mr. Howells's novels dealt too much with the small side of daily life to appeal to my temperament and demands, I read them dutifully, with becoming humility; for California—when you are there—seems a planet away from the great centres, which loom, with their famous ones, high in the glowing fancy. I had made no study of literary conditions at that time—enthusiastic young writers who are equally sincere never do; but I caught the Howells fever and was even a little awed. Alas! my first book, written on that very desk, written in the very shadow of Mr. Howells's study, was perhaps the wildest contribution which has been made to American fiction. I shall not mention its name, and I sincerely hope it is forgotten.

But it convinced me that I should waste time did I indulge in the hope of becoming a member of the Howells school. Its four years of wandering before it reached a doubtful haven, the universal disapproval it provoked, the frank statements that I was not wanted, and had best leave the field at once, before my battered remains were removed to potter's field, the widely copied paraphrase of a line of George Eliot: "If this is originality give us 'the millionth book in superfluous herds,'" failed to transplant me into the straight and narrow way; for the one good reason that with this track nothing in me claimed affinity. Even had I been so poor-spirited as to make the attempt, certain literary phenomena would have called a halt, bidding me meditate upon the fallibility of the powers. In the first place, several novels, notably "The Story of a Country Town," hailed as little less than great, were even by this time quite forgotten, and their authors already mute. In the second place, my book being a tale of metempsychosis had been refused, many times with manifest annoyance, on the ground that the public would not for a moment consider such a preposterous subject; yet, shortly after its appearance, the market was flooded with the "reincarnation novel"; and even my own nameless attempt sold some ten thousand copies on the strength of its theme. These other books, so quickly does the human mind readjust itself, were treated by the reviewers as a matter of course, and even my own effusion was no longer held up to anathema.

Nevertheless, the main current of Realism—or would it not be better to call it Littleism?—flowed placidly on. There was nothing in the reincarnation outburst, including my own performance, or in other outbursts, such as are always bubbling on the surface of letters, to deflect its course or dispute its empire. Its first serious blow came at the close of the war with Spain, when an apparently insatiable demand arose for history and romance, fighting men and picturesque women, incident, adventure, a total repudiation of the little and the obvious. This new drove of literary sheep has been almost invariably without style, distinction; it has been more lacking in the deep personal note than the work of the Littleists, it has been full of exaggeration; it has even been ungrammatical. Nevertheless, it has done a good work in rousing the public to demand in their literature that which is not familiar to them from their uprising to their chaste

retiring. The right medium will be reached, but the time is not yet; for the average new writer comes apologetically to the field, stiff with the old superstitions: the influential newspapers of the better class will praise nothing which the big magazines and their publishing-houses have not approved—and approval is dear to the heart of the young aspirant to literary honors; reverence for the critic is planted in his soul. The big magazines and their houses will publish nothing that does not conform to the standard which has weathered other upheavals; and the authors who have defied the powers and won an honorable position independent of any temporary demand, are so few in number that they rather terrify than encourage the youthful aspirant: their fight has been too long and arduous, and that other way lies sure, if no very brilliant, success.

It is safe to say that it is the ambition of every new writer to “get into the magazines.” Perhaps the grim necessity of daily bread demands immediate recognition, but I fancy it is more in the nature of an obsession. The magazines are taken in every well-conducted household, so carefully has the public been educated, and the aspiring young mind is trained by this eminently correct fiction—which it reads long before novels are permitted. It is natural, therefore, that those who have the creative gift in an attenuated form should not only admire but emulate. And although it may be difficult to “get into the magazines,” it is still more difficult to get out. Indeed, if we may judge by the results, that has never been attempted. So great has the power of the magazines been that they have convinced half the world they stand for the true aristocracy of letters, that he who ignores their canons must withdraw, and forever dwell, beyond the pale. The newspapers have taken their cue from them; it saves thinking; and there is, beyond all question, a certain public which will not recognize the existence of an author who has not been bred in one of the magazines or launched by one of the associate publishing-houses. To be a pariah is not a pleasant thing in this world, particularly if there was a moment when you dwelt with the elect. It is safe and pleasant to be consistently approved; moreover, it is profitable. Not recklessly so perhaps, but it is agreeable to look forward to a nice little income for a reasonable number of years. All this begets timidity; and timidity is a leech at the throat of originality.

Let us examine the canons which govern the "aristocracy of American letters." Originality, except in the mildest form, we have seen is proscribed. "What never has been done never can be done" may be said to be the motto of American literature. If this statement be thought to stand in need of corroboration let the reader invest not only in the best of current novels, but in two bound volumes of any one of the big magazines and examine the fiction. In two such volumes that I have under my table at the present moment there are a number of stories which are still fresh in my mind. One, by a popular magazine writer of long standing, is about a girl who went from San Francisco to Chicago in a Pullman car and returned. That is all that happened. Another is about a married woman who flirted platonically with an actor, and upon his death received her effusive, but presumably virtuous, epistles from the hand of his wife. Another is an interminable "study" of a dressmaker. One by Gelett Burgess is quite unworthy of him; it contains not an echo of his eerie talent. Not one, possibly with the exception of Burgess's story, is redeemed by a single grace of phrase, a fine thought, careful or distinguished writing. Indeed, I have more than once found the most serious grammatical offences in these magazine stories. The majority, however, are guiltless in this respect, cleverly written, if without individuality. There are perhaps four or five regular contributors to the magazines who write with distinction, and conform admirably to all the canons of the short story. But each year they manifest more plainly that they have relinquished all intention of attempting to rise above the high-water mark of mediocrity—the pink-and-blue signal of the magazine. They are something to be grateful for, however; and are as salient a credit to these periodicals as the beautiful illustrations, typography, and paper, which make a sumptuous whole of which any country might be proud.

The second canon is firm adherence to the most curious convention that has ever been insisted upon in any country: that this world is not as it is, but as it ought to be. The sole taboo is not sex by any means; many another tendency of the human mind, many another exposition of life, must be forever ignored and denounced. Whether or not this convention originated with certain men, powerful in shaping American literature, who had seen nothing of the world, or whether there was a deliberate concerted at-

tempt on the part of the literary powers to make American literature "refined," aristocratic, undemocratic, a rarified thing in the third stratum above mortals, it would be hard to say. The result, however, it may be observed here, is not aristocratic, but distinctly middle-class. It is the expression of that *bourgeoisie* which is afraid of doing the wrong thing, not of the indifferent aristocrat; of that element which dares not use slang, shrinks from audacity, rarely utters a bold sentiment and as rarely feels one. It is as correct as Sunday clothes and as innocuous as sterilized milk, but it is not aristocratic. The natural result of its success is, that American writers feel no necessity to see the world. Too much knowledge, indeed, would upset the prescribed poise, and they spend their years comfortably describing the little life about them, adding nothing whatever to the knowledge of mankind. Their utmost range is after dialect—i. e., illiterate phrases—and local color. They mildly interest people who are used to them and can get nothing else.

A third canon, which is indeed but a part of the second, is that fiction to be literature—American literature—must be anæmic. Vigor, vitality, richness, vividness, audacity of thought or phrase, any quality in short which is distinctively American, must be weeded out, bleached out, of the ambitious author, would he receive recognition as an American of letters. Here again, if they are trying to be aristocratic they are making a curious blunder. The qualities I have enumerated as anathema distinguish the aristocracies of all nations, and, as your true democrat is an aristocrat, therein lies the close relationship between the high civilization of the Old World and the superb Americanism which laughs at ancient forms and superstitions, goes its own gait with apologies to no one. Our literature fairly represents the bourgeois spirit of Europe, but it does not represent the United States in anything but matter of a sort.

A fourth canon, still to subdivide the second, is what might be called the fetish of the body. Magazine editors, their confederate publishers, their writers and readers, deify the body, grovel in the dust before it. It never has done and can do no wrong; at all events it must be protected at every hazard and cost. Let the brain rot. The brain is invisible and insignificant. Let the mind close its doors to the best of literatures, to the immensity of life, but let it keep its physical frame-work even as a little

child. That the body was materialized for no other purpose in the world but for reproduction, and as a more tangible expression for the mind, and that the mind is given us that we may put into it all the knowledge that can be found in this world, has never occurred to any of these teachers.

A fifth canon is that sleep must not be disturbed nor even the nerves titillated. Some years ago there was an institution in New York known as "Uncut Leaves." Before its assemblages authors read stories, articles, and poems, designed for the magazines. The tickets sold at a high price, the gatherings were attended by the demi-fashionable. At one time they were almost as notable as Bagby's Monday Mornings. A young author who had not made her *début* in the magazines, but had attracted considerable attention, was, with rare audacity, invited to read—but with prudent reservation she was asked to submit the MS. first. The story the writer selected was impeccable in its morals, but it was extremely, though briefly, tragic, and its climax was rather terrible. It was submitted, and returned—kindly and politely—with the excuse that there "might be sensitive ladies present whose nerves would be distressingly affected." The obvious reply, that women whose nerves were in a delicate condition had better stay at home, may or may not have been made.

It is this curious shrinking from the larger life that is most characteristic of what at present stands for American literature. It is quite true that the magazines and the publishing-houses may retort that they are money-making institutions, and that the great body of the people are commonplace, narrow, and prudish; also that the great majority of readers are women. This is quite true. It is also true that the genius of any race is determined by the thousand active exceptions, not by the million vegetables—what Clarence King calls "the vulgar fractions in the census"; also by the men, not by the women. But if no educating force is applied to the million, how are they to advance? If their literature—which, being sheep, they meekly accept—tells them only of their own life and kind, if not a hint from the real great world ever reaches them, how are they to deepen and augment their spots? If American middle-class human nature is like other middle-class nature, commonplace and narrow, they owe a large percentage of the infliction to the levelling influence of the literary powers, for there are natural promptings in their blood

to help them—other assistance being equal—to quicker understandings.

As for the authors these powers have educated and encouraged, their writing conveys the impression of having flowed forth in snug studies, between a well-filled stomach and an ear cocked to catch the prattle of the nursery. There is not one of these arbitrary creations of the leading publishing-houses and their magazines who reads as if he had ever suffered a pang, ever descended even in chaste thought to the vast underworld where the greatest writers of the earth have found their inspirations, ever travelled except in a sublimated Cook fashion, ever—alas never!—heard of Dickens's advice to a young author. They are all good family men, who eat well, rarely drink, are too dull to be bored with their own wives, but who have reached a certain perfection of literary phrase and construction which would be a credit to any country. As well-drilled brains, finished, acute, and polished, they are above reproach. But there is not an ego among them. Each could do the other's work and never be detected.

It is almost an unpardonable lapse into the obvious to remark that such a school will never produce even one great writer. To be great, it is above all things necessary to develop your ego, your power, and there is only one way to do it: by divorcing yourself from all that is smug, that is easy, that is comfortable, that is orthodox and conventional, by seeing life from its peaks to its chasms. No writer with a real gift and with a real ambition has any business with a home, children, the unintermittent comforts of life which stultify and stifle. If a man has the gift to write, to create,—the greatest of all gifts—what more does he want? To insist upon the right to lounge amidst the commonplace comforts, and the mild distractions of "society," is not only ungrateful but fatal. Art, the most jealous of all mistresses, is always prompt to desert him of the divided allegiance, and leave him to finish his career with the husks, with the shell from which the soul has gone. Even the writer who has no inclination to deal with the great passions—which the fastidious American calls "temperament!"—should study unceasingly the great map of life. He has no right to ask people to buy his books if he cannot tell them something they did not know before. To be great, you must know as much as one can learn in one life, and by experience, even if you never intend to use one-third of your knowledge.

He of the slender equipment is always running about looking for copy, for local color, but his eyes are closed to the great things. I do not mean to intimate that any one of our prosperous family authors would in any condition be great; had they had greatness in them they would have broken loose long ago, and snapped their fingers at the powers—Henry James is a case in point—but they might be improved.

I should never venture to admonish women in any such fashion, for very few women know how to use their liberty, above all how to take life impersonally, to regard all life as a spectacle, to disassociate the mind from the body. Where one develops the strength of brain and ego triumphantly to override every convention and always remain high and dry, always the spectator, whom no circumstance can affect, the great number, indubitably, are the miserable victims of their own personalities; which in their turn are the victims of tradition. It is more than probable that the next fifty years will see the highly civilized woman as truly emancipated as man—as a very few women have been in the past; those who have genius needing nothing else to encourage and advise them. But there is no such excuse for men of genius or of talent. They should be content with their art, gratefully demanding nothing more, developing their ego in that service and absolutely indifferent whether the world approves of them as citizens or not. A writer who is singled out to create—to be useful to the race—owes all to that gift, nothing to his trifling self. Who cares to-day that Poe was a drunkard, Coleridge an opium-eater, that Byron had forty mistresses and Georges Sand forty lovers? Not that excess is necessary, not by any means; many of the greatest men in literature have been sane, and careful of themselves; the temperaments that demand artificial stimulation pay a bitter price, and, what is worse, limit their contribution to art. Alcohol, stimulant of any sort—even strong coffee—in nine cases out of ten, and particularly in the case of women, who have active nerves enough, scatter the brain, weakening its coherence and logic long before actual decay sets in; or pitches it a note too high, so that the effect is bizarre rather than original.

There is only one way in which man or woman can develop real strength, and that is to fight unceasingly and to stand absolutely alone.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

THE SON OF ROYAL LANGBRITH.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART V.

XXIII.

AFTER Mrs. Enderby went out Dr. Anther remained in a silence which the rector could not quite bring himself to break. He thought that his visitor looked fagged, and that he looked even more sad than fagged. He would have liked to ask Anther about Hawberk, in the way of a beginning, but somehow he did not, though he had heard that Hawberk was holding up a little, and he was interested in the experiment of his physician, as it was known to any one who cared to listen to Hawberk's sanguine prophecies of the outcome.

Mrs. Enderby, lingering honorably out of intelligible eavesdropping, but not out of earshot, was disinterestedly impatient of the interval before Anther spoke.

"What do you think," he began, and at the sound of his voice she fled from temptation, "of evil done in the past, and so effectually covered up, except from two or three people, that for the public generally it never existed: should you think it the duty of the two or three, or any one of them to make it known?"

"I'm not quite sure that I follow you," said the rector, but confessing his interest by his look of prompt animation. He was seeking, as he professed, a stronger light upon it, but he could not feel that Anther cast this light upon it by what he said next.

"Take the case of —," the doctor resumed, and he named a famous case which once agonized the public with a curiosity still unsatisfied. "He must have known, and a few others must have known quite as well, whether he was guilty or innocent in that business. Do you believe it would have been to the advantage of religion or morals to have had the fact generally known; or was it just as well to have had it hushed up forever, as it apparently was?"

"I don't see what advantage the common knowledge of it would have been," the rector said, still feeling his way rather blindly. "I can't see what use it would have been as concerns this world, to have had the fact known. If the fact would benefit some one,

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save some one from unjust suspicion, relieve some burdened spirit, yes; but otherwise not, I should say."

"You think the truth itself, merely as truth, has no claim upon our recognition?"

"What is truth?"

"Ah, that's what jesting Pilate asked!"

"Isn't the truth," the rector pursued, "that absolute entirety of fact which includes not only every circumstance, but also every extenuation in motive and temperament?"

"Well?"

"That sort of truth can never be made known in this world, and the brute fact doesn't express it."

"You remand it to the Last Day?"

"I leave it to God. The Searcher of hearts can alone find it out, and judge it. If we press for judgment here, we are in danger of becoming executioners. But I am never able to deal with abstractions, such as this case has become. You can't lay down any rule that will fit an abstraction. I don't like to lay down any rule at all, except such as I find given us. If there were any particular case—any concrete instance—"

"There is a particular case," the doctor said, "a concrete instance, but I'm afraid that the lapse of time has rendered it as much an abstraction as that other case, in fact has outlawed it."

The rector could only answer at first, "I should like to hear anything you have to tell me." But he added, "Why are we fencing?"

"Are we fencing? I didn't mean it," the doctor said with his fagged look and his sad look possessing the rector again with compassion. "I'll lower my point, anyway. I'll go back to the beginning. If a man had so successfully lived what they call a double life, that he had kept each life largely a secret from the other, and kept everybody but those he had most wronged altogether out of the secret, and there were but one impartial witness of the facts, would it become the duty of that witness to make the facts known, when the man was dead, and the evil he did had not apparently lived after him?"

"I think you'll have to be a little more specific."

"Have we no such thing as a duty to justice? Is there no such thing as justice?"

The rector looked grave. "I have never seen any instance of justice in the world. I have seen many instances of mercy. I should say we have a duty to mercy. We are warned more than once to make sure first of our own sinlessness before we offer to judge the sins of others."

"But imagine that the guilt of the man I am imagining had imposed itself upon the public for virtue, and was apparently left to the Last Judgment, as so many things—most things, in fact, as I agree with you—seem left, and time had gone on till it became, by this chance and by that, the question of recognizing a cruel

miscreant as a public benefactor, and holding him up as an example to the young, and celebrating some tuppenny munificence of his as an act of characteristic virtue, of habitual greatness and goodness—”

The rector rose, and his face whitened, as the doctor's had reddened with the rush of feeling into his voice. “Are you talking to me of Royal Langbrith?” he asked.

“I am talking to you of Royal Langbrith,” Anther replied. “And ever since I heard that you had been asked to take part in this preposterous business, I have been talking to you about Royal Langbrith. Not to your knowledge, of course, but in those one-sided colloquies which, I dare say, you hold as well as I when you are working up to face some one whom they concern. When Mrs. Enderby first told me you had been invited by Langbrith's son to join in honoring his father's abominable memory, my impulse was to come at once and tell you what the man had really been. But when that impulse passed, I said to myself that I would think it over; and I have thought it over and thought it over, but never with so much justification in paltering with my duty as you have given me by the things you have just said. It seemed to me, on one side, that it was an outrage upon your own purity and uprightness to let you go on and unwittingly praise that infamous scoundrel. It seemed an atrocious invasion of your rights, an abuse of your ignorance as well as an insult to your office. Then, on the other hand, I asked myself what harm would be done if I let you go on, compared with the harm I should do if I stopped you—the pain I should needlessly inflict; for the truth would now probably never come out, and in the interest of public morals had much better remain hidden. I recognized this long ago. I saw that the time for a public exposure of the man's evil had apparently passed; that it had paralyzed those who had left it hidden; but when I heard that you had been asked to eulogize such a miscreant in public, I felt a new responsibility. I realized that if I let you do so, I should be guilty toward you; yet, if I spoke, I should be putting my burden upon you, and compelling you to the sophistications with which I stifled my own conscience. You could not then stand up and declare the truth before the people: you could only reveal it to that miserable boy; or, if you had not the heart for that, you must stultify yourself and wound him with lying excuses. I paltered with my duty, and I have come at the eleventh hour to do what I ought to have done at once, or never done at all.”

Anther told his story with a fulness which he had wanted even in telling it to Judge Garley. In the sympathy which he felt Enderby was giving him, with that instant self-forgetfulness natural to the born priest, there was invitation which the legal mind could not give him, with its concurrent criticism of his facts and motives. He was dealing now with a man who could appropriate his facts and realize his motives to their remotest intimations and finest

significances. Science and religion met in the study of the life laid bare between them. At any detail from which Anther faltered, Enderby prompted him, and, in the end, nothing was left untold.

"Besides Hawberk, and Mrs. Langbrith and yourself, is there any one knowing to the facts?"

"John Langbrith; but how intimately he knows them I can't say. We have never exchanged confidences. He was on the train with his brother when Royal Langbrith died. Didn't I say? Yes—he died in the smoking-car coming up from Boston, but so suddenly, so secretly, that John Langbrith did not notice anything till he put his hand on the dead man's shoulder to arouse him from his nap when they reached Saxmills. He had died as secretly as he had lived."

"What has become of the woman?"

"Who ever knows what becomes of the woman? Perhaps in this case John Langbrith does. I ought to tell you," Anther added, "that I have put the case to Judge Garley."

"How long ago?"

"Several weeks—a month."

"And knowing the truth, he let me accept a part in this commemoration!"

"You might say the same of me."

"No, I couldn't say the same of you. I can understand the stress there has been upon you, and your reluctance—your fear of being misunderstood—misconstrued. But if Judge Garley had given me a hint— No, I don't blame him, either! I mustn't be cowardly."

The rector sat with his elbow on the arm of his chair, and his head propped on his hand, thinking. What he found first to say, with a sigh, and a forlorn smile was, "It's part of my cowardice that I could wish *you* hadn't told me."

"I was obliged to do it. In this, at least, I have had no selfish motive."

"Of course not. But I must go on all the same, you see." Anther said nothing, and Enderby asked, "The boy is without the least suspicion, the slightest surmise?"

"Absolutely. He was not purposely kept so. But the time for telling him never seemed to come. Who could tell him?"

"It may never come," the rector mused aloud, and he said to Anther, "It hasn't come now."

They were silent together, but the doctor spoke first: "It did cross my mind that you might feel authorized to—"

"No," the rector stopped him; "we must leave it all to God now, as it has been left hitherto. He will know when the son can best bear his father's shame. He will know how to do justice, and when, on the memory of the dead; but until now, in mercy to the living, He has forbore. The circumstances will arrange themselves; the atoms will fall into the order of the divine scheme. We must keep our hands off. *De mortuis*—you know the saying: there

is as much wisdom as kindness in it. There is a feeling—it is mostly a vengeful feeling, I don't know why—that men's evil deeds must not be suffered to lurk in the dark; but perhaps they should, for this life. What would it avail to have them dragged into the light? Everything shall be made known, but perhaps not on earth. Whoever wished to hasten the knowledge of hidden evil, here and now, might well beware of forcing God's purposes, as we understand or misunderstand them. It could not help this community to know the truth about that wretched man. It would only render it cynical and deprave it. But I am not concerned about the son, primarily, I am afraid; or about our fellow citizens. I have the selfish concern of keeping myself clear from falsehood in what I have to do. At present, I don't see how I can, but I shall try; and, meantime, between the two evils before me, I will choose that which seems likeliest virtue."

Anther was struck with the similarity in the conclusions of the priest and those of the judge, but he did not comment on it. Enderby himself offered none of the reflections in which he seemed lost, and Anther, after a little longer stay, in which nothing suggested itself as a solution, took his leave, without protest from the rector. He carried with him, capriciously, the vision of the rector's neatness, as to the black waistcoat buttoned to his throat, which was without suspicion of those droppings from the rector's full beard such as the doctor remembered noting on the vestments of some clergymen less conscientiously benzined by their wives.

Enderby's wife was otherwise so conscientious that she would not join him in his study, after he returned from seeing Anther to the gate, till he called to her, "Come here, Alice." Then she rustled down-stairs and entered to him with a face eager for the account of his talk with the doctor. At sight of his face, looking up at her from the chair into which he had nervelessly dropped, hers fell.

"Dearest!" she said.

"I am in trouble," he answered. "I want you to help me."

Though a woman whose chief delight was, ordinarily, in the expression and examination of her emotions, she now postponed them, as she was able to do in great emergencies, and closed so promptly and directly with the trouble he owned to her, that he was able after an hour to say, "Well, then, I will do it."

"It's the only thing you could do, and it's the thing you *must* do. It's what suggested itself to you at first; and I call it an inspiration."

The notion of an inspiration was something left over from her Unitarian nurture, which she would not deny herself in the present exigency. It had a literary rather than a theological significance, and was less an article of faith than of critical appreciation. Then the rector went to bed, and instead of harassing his worn-out brain by vain dramatizations of the predicament, surprised himself by falling almost immediately asleep.

It was for Dr. Anther to lie awake after he had driven home through the dim Saxmills streets, usually so quiet at half past ten, but to-night only quiescing, after a tumultuous evening of last details in preparation for the morrow. His course lay by the open square on which the library faced, and he noted that the platform built up around the doorway, below the bas-relief, for the invited guests had been draped, since he passed earlier in the evening, with American flags. The tablet was veiled in white cotton cloth, which, in its association with the dead, gave Anther the sense of a shroud, so that he started at the light, gay laugh which burst from the lips of a girl pausing with a young man, and looking up at the platform from the square below. He recognized the voice of Hope Hawberk in the laugh, and in the young man beside her he recognized James Langbrith, and he imagined her teasing him.

He smiled to himself in the prevision of his absence from the group of the invited guests who were to occupy that platform the next day. The committee of arrangements had promptly sent him an invitation; and a second card had come later, under a cover addressed in Langbrith's hand-writing, as if he were not willing that Anther should by any chance be passed over. So far, indeed, Langbrith had subdued his rancor with his old friend. But Anther had determined, from the first, not to be present at the dedication, and he had not faltered since.

The figure of a woman, imaginably some patient who had waited for him in vain, slipped from his gate and went down the obscurity of the street, in the opposite direction, as he drove up to Mrs. Burwell's darkened house. He put his horse and buggy into the barn, and then came round and let himself in at the front door. On the threshold within lay something white, which he felt to be a sealed letter; and, when he had turned up his office lamp, he found it addressed to him, in a hand which he knew. "Dr. Anther," he read, "I want you should not fail to accept James's invitation for to-morrow. He is feeling very anxious you should be there, though he will not say so. If you don't choose to do it for his sake, do it for mine. I would give anything to have you. AMELIA."

He turned it over, as people turn letters over, rather when they have got everything out of them than when they have not, and he knew that the woman he had seen coming away from his gate was Mrs. Langbrith. Her anxiety must have been great to bring her from home so far at that hour, and she must have wished to keep her writing him a secret from her household, if she could not send the letter. She might have hoped to see him, and carried the letter to leave in case she should not find him.

"Why," he asked himself bitterly, "should *we* be doing things by stealth? We hide our affection, as if it were something to be ashamed of. We behave like guilty persons, but you are the most innocent of victims, and I am to blame only for not forcing you to right yourself. I can't stand it, Amelia!"

XXIV.

Langbrith had at first meant to dedicate his father's memorial on grand terms. It had seemed to him not out of scale with the merit of such a man to have the Governor and his staff in full uniform present at the ceremony. But a few drops of ridicule sprinkled on the notion by Falk extinguished it, after an angry sputtering; and he reasoned that to confine the civic interest to Saxmills would be to intensify it, and to appeal still more strongly to the local pride. In his illumination, he declined the offer of even a band from the next town, when it was submitted to him through the committee of arrangements, and decided to have no music but such as the fifes and drums of the Saxmills cadets could make in their march through the streets. This, with the singing of the public-school and Sunday-school children, ranked below the platform where the invited guests were to be seated, before and after the unveiling of the tablet, would be tastefully sufficient in Langbrith's more tempered ideal of the affair.

The cadets looked very well as they paraded, and the children, marshalled by their teachers, looked charming—the larger boys bearing school banners, supported by smaller boys holding the tassels on each side, as they marched to the library and formed themselves in the appointed order. They counted in their number all the children in town, except some inveterate truants in whom the Fourth-of-July excitement was beginning to work, and who opened their celebration at daybreak with the explosion of cannon crackers. Throughout the morning, the sound of their torpedoes broke upon the more ceremonious sounds of public rejoicing; and, when the procession formed, they made themselves its straggling escort, and followed it in the mixed admiration and derision of boyish outlawry. It had been proposed, at one time, that the mill hands, men and women, should join the procession, in such gala as they chose; but John Langbrith had passively disavored the plan, which had not found acceptance with the hands themselves. When it was brought to James Langbrith's knowledge, he decided against it, as something perfunctory and out of keeping with the voluntary spirit of the affair.

Falk, who stayed over the week as Langbrith's guest, praised his decision as a stroke of surprising wisdom. He mingled with the operatives, on the rear, where they formed the great mass of the spectators, and was able to report to Langbrith a satisfaction with their unalloyed holiday which he was sure they would not have felt in the procession. He himself refused any share in the ceremonies by refusing a seat among the invited guests; and when he was not going about and feeling the public pulse in Langbrith's interest, he amused himself by making the three young girls under his charge laugh, or try to keep from laughing, at his remarks on the general and personal aspects of the occasion, especially on the activities of Langbrith, as host, and Matthewson, as chief-marshal. Susie Johns was not concerned in either of them, and could laugh

at both, without the fond misgiving of Jessamy Colebridge or the perverse delight of Hope Hawberk, as Falk made them note the majesty of Matthewson in ushering the invited guests up the stairs of the platform, and the urbane hospitality of Langbrith in receiving them at the top and appointing them their seats. The girls laughed so much, and Falk kept so grave, that glances of reproval for them and sympathy for him were shot from neighboring eyes, while the band brayed on, and the crowd packed into the square before the library, cheered each guest as he mounted and took his place.

They were, first of all, the oldest employees of the Langbrith paper-mills, women as well as men, who were given the seats next the speakers; veterans of the Civil War had the seats behind them; and then the village dignitaries, the selectmen, the high-school principal and the Sunday-school superintendent, with citizens of no official quality, but eminent in business, or entitled to recognition by their age or social standing. Before all sat Judge Garley, Mr. Enderby, Father Cody, the orthodox minister, and John Langbrith. At the last moment, Matthewson was seen receiving Dr. Anther at the foot of the steps, and then Langbrith, with a forward start and a flush of surprise, greeted him at the top. The young man's face was lighted with a joyful smile, as he clung to Anther's hand and bubbled an incoherent welcome, looking round to see where he should place his father's old friend. He restrained a movement of Anther toward the rear seats, and led him forward and put him between the judge and the rector, who made room for him with dumb shows of courtesy. The band brayed out afresh, and the general applause of the crowd rose in such personal cheers as: "Hurrah for Dr. Anther! Hurrah for Dr. Anther!" Hope took out her handkerchief and waved it, and then Jessamy and Susie took out their handkerchiefs and waved them. The doctor sat down abashed, and his lowered gaze fell upon the veiled face of a woman sitting in the foremost row of chairs, placed in the little square before the library. At sight of Amelia Langbrith, a sad smile overspread Anther's reddened visage, and he did not again lift his head till the orthodox minister had ended his prayer. Between this and the oration of Judge Garley, there was a little interval which was filled with a tumult caused by some unexpected event at the foot of the steps. The tumult passed with the slow mounting of a figure to the platform, and its momentary hesitation at the top; then the gaunt shape and blotched, brown visage, with the deeply sunken eyes of Hiram Hawberk showed themselves spectrally to the crowd. Inarticulate cries and gasps broke from it, and shaped themselves in derisions like "Three cheers for Hawberk!" "Hurrah for Hawberk!"

Langbrith turned from whispering to Judge Garley; at sight of Hawberk, he flashed a silencing glance at the crowd, with a scornful lift of his young head, and hurried toward him with outstretched hands. He seized Hawberk's trembling hand as he had seized An-

ther's, and then, placing it under his arm, led him forward. There was no place among the front seats, but every occupant of them rose, and offered his place to Hawberk. Langbrith waved the others down, while he spoke to his uncle. Then John Langbrith, chewing the splinter of wood on which he had been sardonically working his jaws from the first, shook hands with Hawberk, and pulled him into his place, where he took Anther's hand, proffered across their knees, and remained dimly looking out over the people.

"Why, I thought your father wasn't coming, Hope," Jessamy Colebridge said.

"I suppose he changed his mind," Hope answered quietly. But she dropped her veil as she rose with the rest at the uplifting of Father Cody's voice in the words of the invocation.

The priest had been chosen for the opening ceremony to satisfy him in certain scruples with reference to his association with the Protestant clergy, which the committee treated with the large indulgence of an underlying indifference in sectarian matters. But afterwards their choice was felt to be almost providential. The dignified form of his words and the sort of sacerdotal authority with which he pronounced them, struck a note fortunate for the after proceedings, which these obeyed. It did not, indeed, form a law for the excursive generalities of the oration which Judge Garley delivered, but it tempered him to perhaps greater simplicity and directness than he would otherwise have had. He paid a tribute both to the secular and sacred character of the priest, which gathered all Father Cody's parishioners to him, and carried them attentively with him wherever he strayed. But no one followed him so closely, so curiously, as Dr. Anther, who was, as anxiously as he was unwillingly, alert to see what course the legal mind would take among the difficulties so evident to him. It could not be said that Judge Garley made light of the difficulties; lightness was not a thing imaginable of him; but he won his way among them by leaps and bounds, which, if ponderous, certainly got him over the ground, and by turns which, if not agile, were undeniably effective. He made a background of the history of Saxmills, from the earliest Colonial period down through the old French War, the Revolution, the last war with Great Britain and the invasion of Mexico, to the great civil strife for the maintenance of the Union; and then, in the middle distance, he sketched the rise of the manufacturing interests of New England, with their share in the immense expansion of industries throughout the country, after the pacification of the South and the establishment of the great principle of manhood suffrage on the rock of the Constitution. Such, he said, was the time, such the place, such the situation that confronted the man whose far-seeing enterprise had given Saxmills its unsurpassed prosperity, and whose munificence, in one of its many instances, they were tardily recognizing to-day. They all knew *who* that man was; but *what* was he?

Anther held his breath as he watched his old friend standing before the impressive canvas he had prepared, and wondered what manner of heroic effigy he would paint upon it. From where he sat, beside Hawberk, feeling the tremor of his limbs when they chanced to touch his own, and breathing the narcotic odors that exhaled from his person, he could not catch the eye of the orator, which presented itself only in profile, as he shook his head in challenge and pounded the air with his fist in accentuation of his appeal. Except that he knew the judge to have justified himself invulnerably through his professional conscience, he might have thought that he kept his face purposely averted, and he held his breath when Garley resumed. "I never spoke with the man, I never saw him, I never heard his name till I came to live among you here. He was no friend of mine, not even my acquaintance, yet from his works I *know* him." But when Garley reached the end of his characterization of Royal Langbrith, Anther laughed in his heart, with no wish to utter its bitterness to his old friend, as he resoundingly closed with the words: "Such was the man, such was the character, such was the personality, whose counterfeit presentment shall be revealed to us this day, and each day shall show him to others after we are dust, as long as stone and bronze shall endure."

On that magnificent background the scenic artist had really painted nothing: nothing but what might pass for one enterprising and successful American as well as another: the mere conventional outline of a face or a figure which a thousand names would fit as well as Royal Langbrith's. He had carefully avoided not only distinctive traits, but he had, with purpose evident enough to Anther, kept a surface as impenetrable as it was shallow. He had given this surface a glare which dazzled the eye and distracted the thought from the performance to the performer; and Anther judged him less and less harshly as he considered that Garley had discharged a duty which he could not shun as guiltlessly as it could be discharged. No one but the brother and the widow of Royal Langbrith knew how false an impression he had made; for it could not be said that his narcotized victim realized it, and none save the rector, who was to follow him, knew how false he had been in making it. Anther did not condemn him. Garley, too, was in the grip of that dead hand which seemed to clutch every one by the throat, and his severest feeling toward him was for the deceit which he had practised upon the son of Royal Langbrith. He could see James Langbrith where he had retired from the platform to the place beside his mother, watching the speaker with what Anther felt a piteous intensity, and hanging upon every empty word. With tender compassion Anther wondered if he felt the hollowness of the tribute paid to his father's memory. He was touched for that poor, generous boy, and ashamed more than he was amused for his old friend in the success of his fraud. When the applause swept the orator to his seat, and then refructantly bore him, bowing and smiling,

back to the front of the platform, the young fellow started forward, and, all glowing with tears and smiles, stretched his hand up to the judge and the judge stooped down to take it. Anther dropped his eyes and hung his head, and he had not the courage to look up again till he heard Enderby beginning, very gravely and measuredly, the address which the dead man was requiring of him, in his turn. Then Anther's pity was no longer for the trusting boy, but for the good man, compelled to this office, and he wondered how he would reconcile it with his conscience.

Enderby stood clutching the scant lapels of his clerical coat, and looking pale above its black. He said that he had been asked to speak some words concerning the ethical significance of the business they were about, and he would now only suggest a few general notions in regard to the respective attitudes of giver and receiver, in the matter of public benefactions. Such benefactions were likely to be more frequent in the future than in the past, when the town had become debtor to one of its citizens for this library, the most useful of its possessions, and the most sacred, after the houses of God; and they must be more and more impersonally regarded. The town was here in its collective capacity to make acknowledgment of the gift, tardily, it was true, but not the less gratefully; for, in the years that had elapsed, the people of Saxmills had fully experienced the great advantage bestowed upon them. It might, perhaps, have been wished, it might, perhaps, have been more graceful in some aspects if the town itself had offered the memorial it was accepting; but in that case it would have anticipated the act by which the son renewed, as it were, and confirmed the father's deed. For himself, the rector said, he was more interested in this renewal and confirmation of it, than in the fact of the original gift. It spoke well for the young man whom in different ways they all knew, that he wished to testify his reverence for his father's memory by doing again one of the best things that his father could have done. In this he had not only testified his reverence to his father's memory, but had borne important witness to the imperishable vitality of a good deed in this world. It was not only the evil that men do which lived after them, but the good also lived, laying upon the future a more powerful obligation to virtue than any bond to vice that evil could impose. God had apparently willed that the good should continually and eternally show itself, and the evil should hide itself, for evil, brought into the light of day, corrupted, and good, whenever manifest, purified and restored and strengthened all men for good. Such, in fact, was the potency of a good deed that, if done from the most selfish motive, it took no color from the motive. It returned through its beneficent effect upon the world to the God of goodness. But they who were assembled to receive from the son the evidence that he renewed and confirmed his father's gift to them, had really nothing to do with the character of either. They had only to do with the good-will

expressed in what was now their joint gift, and they were to honor neither of those men but only their good deed, which was not of them, but of God. Few present had known the elder of the two; all present had known the younger, and it was he who stood for both before them. Every heart must respond to the impulse which had governed their fellow townsman in his filial devotion to his father's memory, and must rejoice with him in the beauty and fitness of the tribute he had paid it. If either were to be known by the other, though it was not necessary, for the present purpose, that either should be known apart from his gift, let the father be inferred from the son, and let them not be separated in the public acceptance of their benefaction.

The rector would have sat down; but James Langbrith, who had remained on the platform after Judge Garley's oration, prevented him. He seized Enderby's hand, and Anther heard him say, while he clung to it, "You have spoken just as I feel my father would have wished you to speak. He was the most reserved, the most impersonal of men, and I thank you, thank you, thank you for him as well as myself."

"Oh," the rector groaned, in a sort of protest; but before he could say anything, the leading selectman rose in his place, and commanded, "Three cheers for both the Langbriths!" James Langbrith stepped forward to acknowledge the applause, and Anther felt Enderby's eye seek his own.

There was no defiance in the rector's asking look, but a sort of entreaty, as if for the effect his words might have had with the man who knew how, primarily, they had been spoken to him. Enderby's back had been turned to Anther while he addressed them to the people, but it had not needed the comment of the speaker's face to convey all their latent meaning to Anther, whose eyes were as troubled as his own. He put out his hand and sadly pressed the hand of the rector, who miserably smiled a little.

"You did the best that any man could, in the circumstances," Anther said, under cover of the uproar.

"Now, friends," said the selectman to the crowd, when the cheering had died away, "the tablet will be unveiled."

At the moment James Langbrith stepped back to perform the office, Anther saw Hawberk put something into his mouth and heard him huskily explain, "Thought I might need some, and brought along a little of the gum."

Langbrith pulled at the cord which had been contrived to separate the white curtains veiling the tablet, and slip them to the sides on the wire from which they hung. The contrivance would not work, though he tugged and twitched, and there began to be some nervous laughing in the crowd, which had its effect with him. He gave an impatient pull and the whole contrivance came away, dropping to the ground behind the platform. A girl's hysterical cry went up, and the people began to clap and cheer. Langbrith had

turned an angry face toward them, but their good-will was so manifest, their laughing had been clearly so helpless from the sense of humor which any unserious mischance appeals to in a crowd, that the anger went out of his face, and he, too, was smiling, when the voice of the selectman announcing that the Rev. Mr. Alway would ask a blessing recalled him to the necessity of a more appropriate expression.

While the people were stirring vaguely from the attitude in which the benediction had left them, Langbrith came forward and shouted, "Friends, ladies and gentlemen, there's a lunch at my mother's, and everybody is invited—everybody!"

The crowd cheered and the band played and the square emptied itself in the direction of the Langbrith homestead.

XXV.

The last of the guests had got themselves away from the Langbrith grounds late in the afternoon, with the difficulty that people unaccustomed to social rites find in taking their leave. It was half past four o'clock when Langbrith stood, with his mother, in the porch at their front door, looking down, over the trampled lawn and dishevelled decorations, at that fellow citizen who managed all the public functions of Saxmills, rushing about in his shirt-sleeves and directing his shirt-sleeved helpers in the work of dismantling and removing the long tables of rough board at which the hungry throng had lately joked and shouted and rioted.

The son noted the knot between his mother's eyes, and laughed. "You'd like to go out there and take a hand, mother," he interpreted; "but you'd better leave it to Danning. It'll suit him better." He sighed deeply. "It's been perfect, mother, beyond my dreams. It's been beautiful, ideal. I couldn't tell you *now*, without disturbing my sense of it, how happy it's made me. It's made me feel as if the people here loved me, and I do like to be liked, though I don't know how to show it, and that they cherish my father's memory. How good everybody has been—how kind! It was awfully sweet of the old doctor to come and sit on the platform after his reluctance. I won't forget it." Langbrith gave a short laugh. "He knew father better than I do, and he probably felt for him against the affair; but if father had cared to look down on it to-day, I can fancy his being pleased with it in some shy, reticent way. I wish the doctor could have come to the lunch."

"He said he had a patient—over at Wakeford," Mrs. Langbrith said. "I asked him to come."

"Yes, I know. I hoped he might have got back. Well, now, you must go in and lie down, mother. Take a good rest." He put his arm round her waist and pressed her indoors, and got his hat in the hall. "I'm going to pick up poor old Falk somewhere. I shall probably find him at the Johnses' unless Jessamy got away with him."

He kissed his mother and left her, not to lie down, but to go and take counsel with Norah about the things that Danning's men would be bringing in to be washed up and put away. He saved his conscience with respect to Falk by walking past the Johnses', and looking in over the fence, but he did not stay to ask for his friend on his way up to the Hawberks'. He did not know whether he had seen Falk sitting with Susie Johns at her door or not. Every sense of his was full of Hope Hawberk. Except as she was related to them she pressed even the facts of this happy day out of his consciousness.

Hope's grandmother came to the door, and said with grim directness, before he had asked, "She's round in the garden."

"Oh!" Langbrith answered, and he took the little path in the grass that the feet of the household had traced round the corner of the house.

Hope was sitting in a low rocking-chair, by the dial, which the sun had relieved from duty for the day by getting down among the tops of the pines on the hill. She was reading a newspaper, but she was not so absorbed in it that she did not hear his step sweeping over the grass. As she looked up, she laughed quietly, and in her laugh he felt a peculiar note of welcome. "Well, how did it go off?" she asked, and she let fall her paper, and rocked back in her chair.

"Don't let's talk of it," he said, and he crouched at her feet, with his back against the base of the dial. "Let's talk of ourselves."

"Well, what about you?"

"Nothing about me. When I say ourselves, I mean you, for you are ourselves. At least I am nobody without you."

She laughed again, but her derision was full of the love which she did not try to keep out of her eyes. His own eyes glowed upon her. Neither felt the need of speaking, till she turned her head away with a little difficult motion, almost as if it hurt.

"Then you will?" he murmured from somewhere deep in his throat, and she answered low:

"Yes."

He bent forward, and put his head on her knee.

"Don't be silly," she said, with a catching of the breath, while she smoothed his hair with her hand.

There was no other demonstration between them, because he knew that she liked best that there should be none, and it was a moment before he lifted his head, with a laugh of the joy otherwise unutterable: "I knew you would say yes, now. But why now? Why never before?"

She looked at him with the glowing eyes which she could not keep from his face, but it seemed to him that she no longer saw him so distinctly, for a mist that veiled their glow. Her lips twitched so that she could scarcely form the words: "Can't you think?"

"No. What have I done?"

"You want to make me tell you! How you acted to father—when—when they laughed—I said that I would do anything for you, then; I said that I would do anything you asked—"

"Hope!"

"Don't make me cry! I shall hate you if you do. When I need all the strength I have, so!"

"No, Hope; but listen to me. I must be honest. I didn't do that for *you*. I did it for *him*. I like your father; he was my father's friend; and I had nothing in my mind, but the thought of their old friendship. That needn't make you cry, or if it does, it needn't weaken you. Hope!" he kept getting her name in as often as he could, for the pleasure of speaking it, "I am not going to ask any promises of you, now. We will let the future take care of itself. But I want to tell you; I haven't told my mother yet; I am going to Paris to study; to study the stage, and learn to write for it; I believe I can write plays, and Paris is the place to study the stage. I thought I should ask you to go with me; but I see I can't"—she shook her head in affirmation of his words—"but if I can take your love and leave you mine, will you—will you—wait?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Hope!" he sighed.

"Oh, James!" she sweetly mocked him.

"Where was I?"

"You had left me waiting."

"Well, that is all, then."

They both laughed.

"Of course," he took up the broken thread, "I shall tell mother."

"You couldn't go without."

"Oh, I mean about you. She will be glad. She likes you so much, Hope."

"Well, I like her, too."

"And you will go to see her often, Hope, won't you?"

"Not often enough to cause remark," she drolled, and he laughed, and said:

"How funny you are, Hope! Falk thinks you are the wittiest girl he ever saw."

"Well, you've always told me Mr. Falk hadn't been in society a great deal. There must be lots of funny girls in Boston."

Langbrith thought that droll, too. "I believe I love you more for your fun than your beauty, Hope."

"Perhaps there's more of the fun."

"No, I don't say that. You are the most beautiful creature in the world to me. And Falk thinks that your dark style—"

"Well, I always thought Mr. Falk was pretty, too. So it's an equal thing. Now, we won't talk of that any more; it's too personal. We will talk about Paris. I shall never dare to tell grandmother that you are going to write plays. She thinks I'm bad enough as it is, and if she knew that I was engaged to a person who

wrote plays, she would certainly give me up. Does Mr. Falk know about your plan?"

"Why, he's going with me! Hope! May I tell you a secret?"

"Well, if it isn't a very large one."

"It's nothing. You know he is going to be an artist, and Paris is the place for art as well as the stage, and I am going to lend him the money. I'd give it to him, if he'd let me. What better use could I make of it? But of course Falk won't stand that."

"No, I wouldn't, in his place."

"Does he care for—I mean does Susie Johns care for him?"

"She never said so. Perhaps she hadn't been asked. She's rather queer, that way. She never answers till she's been asked. She's very secretive."

He laughed, and began in another place. "I wish I could have you with me to keep me from playing the fool."

"Why, I'm the greatest fool myself," she explained.

"No, you're not. You're the very soul of common sense. But I shall keep writing to you, and consulting you about everything, and that will make me sensible. And perhaps—in about a year—"

She mocked, "I was just waiting to know how long!"

"Hope," he asked at another tangent, "Dr. Anther *does* think your father's getting better, doesn't he?"

"He thinks his will is getting stronger."

"I understand you can't leave him, Hope, and that's why I don't ask *you* to go with me to Paris as well as Falk; but when your father is all right, and he *will* be, I *know* he will—then we will go out together—my mother and your father, as well as you."

"What a beautiful vision! And what about grandmother?"

"Oh, we would take her, too."

"I should like to see you getting grandmother on a steamer! Why, she thinks going on the cars is as much as her life's worth."

"We can manage, somehow." They laughed together at his optimism, and he asked, "Do you know what I liked best in the whole thing to-day? I mean besides your father's coming. Dr. Anther's being there. He didn't like the notion of the tablet at the first, and he let me feel it; but it was just his way—working round, and giving in handsomely in the end, without saying anything. My heart was in my mouth till he came on to the platform. It wouldn't have been anything without him."

"Of course, it wouldn't. But, of course, he was sure to come. He's grand."

"Yes, after my own father, as I imagine him, there's nobody equal to Dr. Anther, as I know him."

They talked rapturously away from themselves, and they talked back in ecstatic return, and an hour passed before he reverted to her with impatience of anything but her in her relation to himself.

"What made you cry out that way?"

"Me? How did you know who it was?"

"Don't you suppose I should know your voice, in the dark, anywhere in or out of the world? What made you do it?"

"As if you didn't know! I was so worked up by those curtains not coming apart, and thinking how you felt, that I couldn't help it, though I wasn't sure but it was somebody else. If it had gone on much longer, I should have got on to the platform and married you on the spot."

Langbrith jumped alertly to his feet, and Hope rose, too, laughing. He put out his arms toward her. "Now I think it's full time for you—"

She did not try to escape, but a sound of lamentable groaning came between them, and she called out, "Oh, poor father!" and whirled from her lover into the house.

He stood dazed by the ghastly interruption, and remained bewildered when, a little after, she returned to him, somewhat paler, but not looking as distressed as he looked, and dropped again into her chair.

"Isn't there anything I can do? Go for Dr. Anther?—"

"No, no! It's all right, now. He was just dreaming—he has awful dreams, but they are only dreams."

"Oh, Hope!" He stood before her, not offering to take his place at her feet again, but aching, as she saw, with pity for her.

"You mustn't mind me. I'm used to it. And it isn't anything real you know."

"It seems terrible. I don't know how to bear it for you."

Hope smiled. "Well, you don't have to, and I can bear it for myself as long as—as long as father must bear it. Are you going away?"

"Yes, I must go back to mother—"

She rose, and without his advance, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him, and then began to cry against his cheek. It was not the passionate embrace with which he had often, in his burning reveries, sealed their betrothal, but it was something sadder, sweeter, and he seemed purified and uplifted, as if her arms were raising him into heavenlier air. He knew now what misery and sorrow, what squalor, even, he was making his part; but he thought only of her with whom they came, and he was richly content.

"Your trouble shall be my trouble, after this," he began, but she would not let him say more.

"Yes, yes! Don't talk!" and while she brushed the tears from her eyes with her handkerchief, she pushed him from her with the other hand.

He accepted his dismissal. "I shall come back after supper," he said, and she neither invited nor forbade him. He did not go home; he could not, without first using the new authority which her love had given him, and he went round by Dr. Anther's office, to ask him if nothing, nothing could be done for her father. He tried to think about it all, and how he should press the doctor to some con-

clusion, to some definite promise, to some clear prophecy of a fortunate end; but it was confused in his mind with his love, and he was so lost in the sense of that as it concerned her and him alone, that from step to step, he forgot what he was about, and had to recall himself to his errand. Once he went down a wrong turning, and when he came to Mrs. Burwell's at last, he recognized the house with a kind of astonishment.

"The doctor ain't here," Mrs. Burwell called down to him from the window over the door as he stood with his hand on the bell-pull. She had her head tied up in a handkerchief, as if she had been sweeping; the impression of this was strengthened by her having a broom in the hand that supported her on the window-sill. "He hain't got back from that patient—drefful sick crittur, I guess—to Wakeford, and I'm givin' the place one last dustin'; I don't know when it 'll get another. I was *ril* sorry I couldn't come to the ceremony, to-day, but I got my mind set on finishin' my movin', and nothing couldn't seem to stop me. I feel bad about leavin' the doctor here, alone like a cat in a strange garret, as you may say, but I guess I got to. I don't know who he'll get in to care for him. As far forth as I can make out, he ha'n't even thought of anybody."

"He'll be in after supper, I suppose?" Langbrith said, with an imperfect sense of the words spilt on him, as in a stream, from above.

"Yes, if he *gets* any supper," Mrs. Burwell responded with mystery lost upon Langbrith's abstraction. "He's always in nights, you know, without he's got a call."

"Then I'll come round again, later."

"So do!" Mrs. Burwell called after his averted figure as he stepped down the two yards of path to the gate, and moved away with feet that wandered with his wandering thoughts.

Something had penetrated the whirl of his mind which centred around the idea of Hope all kindly and pleasant things, and he was afterwards aware of some meaning in Mrs. Burwell as to Dr. Anther which he had not taken at once from her words. Had she meant that the doctor had bought her house or hired it? He had lived there a long time, and it might very well be. But a magnificent scheme now suggested itself to Langbrith, which he would consult his mother about, and then propose to the doctor, if she approved. He would offer Dr. Anther his father's office, standing apart from the mansion, if he found he had not taken Mrs. Burwell's house; it would be more convenient for him, and it would be near the hotel, where the poor old fellow could get a meal at any time without being subject to such severities as Mrs. Burwell had practised with him, and as he must fall under again if any village person took him to board. Langbrith himself would feel so safe, having him there near his mother, for all advising and helping in any sort of exigency. With that lifelong friend near her, he would not feel as if he were leaving her alone for the year he should spend in Paris, before he brought Hope home to the old place.

He glowed with the thought of what motherliness and daughterliness there would be between those dearest women, and how he would protect and cherish them both in their common reliance upon him. He wished Falk was there. He would like first to consult Falk about it. Falk had so much sense, and would put his finger on any weak spot in the plan and laugh him out of it if it would not do. He felt the need of Falk so much and the desire of immediate action so greatly, that he turned from going home and walked rapidly up the hill toward Susie Johns's. He wished he could go and ask Hope's counsel, too, but it would be silly—he feared her thinking it silly—if he went back to her so soon; and if Falk approved, he knew that she would, and his perfected plan would be such a pleasant surprise for her:

He could make an excuse with Susie Johns, that he had come to fetch Falk home for tea; but, when he knocked at her door, the Irish girl who answered him said that Mr. Falk was at tea within.

"Oh, then, don't bother him," he said, and got quickly away, lest Susie should run out and hospitably seize upon him for another guest. "Don't say who it was," he called over his shoulder to the Irish girl, as he fled.

It would only be postponing the matter a little while. He could see Falk before he saw the doctor, which would be before he saw Hope again, and with the affair settled in his mind, he pushed down the side-hill street up which his own house looked. He had not reached the bottom when he foreboded a temptation beyond his strength at sight of the doctor's shabby old buggy and his sleepy horse, slumped before the gate. But now he suddenly recurred to the thought of bringing him to book about Hope's father, and getting his mother help to get something like a promise of Hawberk's recovery from him. He fancied first telling his mother and their old friend together of his authority for anxiety in the matter. Both these things must come before the offer which he wished to make, and which he now knew he should make without asking Falk about it. But which of the two pleasant things in his mind should come out first was the happy question with him, as he entered the wide-open front door and pushed into the twilighted parlor.

(To be Continued.)